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FAIRLY WON.

BRAVE Sherman! here, to many a soul,
  Those glorious words of thine,
"Atlanta's ours, and fairly won,"
  Come like a draught of wine.
The doubting spirit gains new faith,
And echoes back, "Right nobly done,
Atlanta's ours, and fairly won."

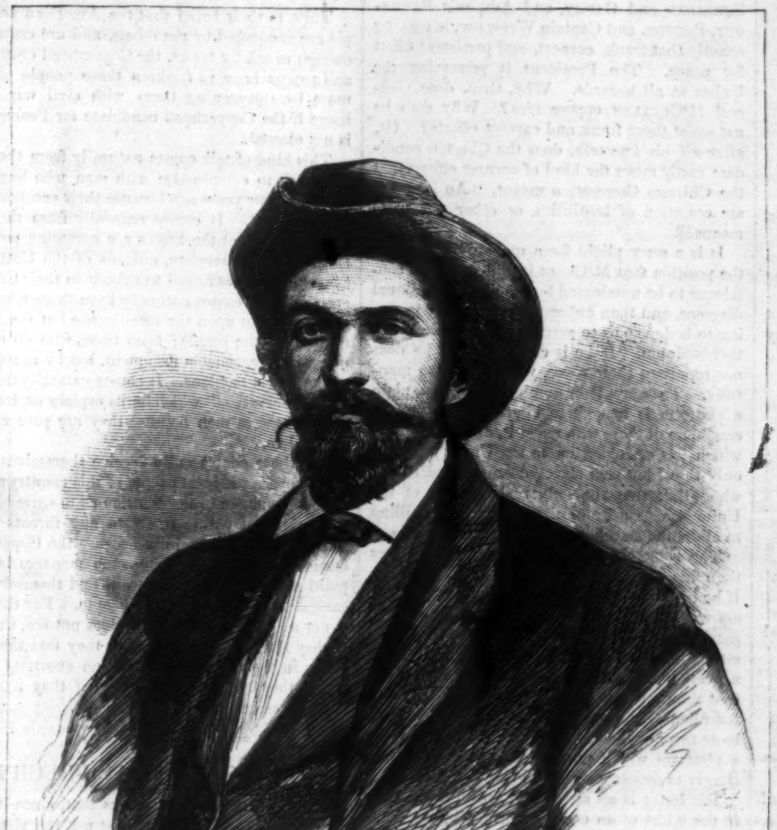
The nation's heart beats quick to hear
  The double deadly blow,
Striking at once the rebel armed
  And the secret traitor foe.
Bright shines again the Northern sun,
"Atlanta's ours, and fairly won."

Let this for ages be our cry,
  In battle or in civil strife,
Whether with pen, or word, or sword,
  We fight the fight of life.
We'll hand it down from sire to son,
"The victory's ours, and fairly won."

In coming years, when smiling fields
  And sheaves of yellow grain,
When Commerce, Arts, and Industry
  Surround us once again,
May we proclaim with head erect,
Fearful of naught, denied by none,
That "Peace is ours, and fairly won."

PEACE THROUGH VICTORY.

UPON pages 616 and 617 we print another picture by THOMAS NAST, who drew "Compromise with the South." Like that it tells its own story—Peace comes by victory, not by submission, nor by "an immediate cessation of hostilities." The triumph of the people over their enemies is the dawn of universal peace; the prison doors are opened and the captives go free; they close only upon traitors who have struck at the national heart. The soldier and sailor return to the loved ones who welcome them from a field of victory and honor, not of "armistice" and armed truce; the slave raises his head as a man; and wide-waving plenty and ripening summer overspreads the land, while in his solemn joy the patriot beholds in imagination every part of the land united, happy, and free. Our friend the artist has already shown us in all its abject woe what compromise means. He now reveals the radiant form of Peace by the steady prosecution of the war, by Victory, Union, and Liberty.



THE LATE REBEL GENERAL JOHN MORGAN.

The admirable picture by Mr. NAST in the *Weekly* of September 3 is an unanswerable argument. There will be no better in the campaign. The following stirring letter from a soldier is one expression of the universal satisfaction of loyal men with its simple truthfulness. The earnest protest of our correspondent against the craven platform at Chicago is the voice of the army. He and all his companions in arms need have no fear that their country will desert them, or believe, while a single rebel remains in the field, that "the experiment of war has failed:"

> HEAD-QUARTERS CAVALRY, WEST VIRGINIA,
> *September*, 1864.
>
> *Editor Harper's Weekly:*
>
> *God bless you for the high and noble patriotism and loyalty of your sheet!*
>
> I can not restrain the exclamation that comes up from my heart on looking at your splendidly-designed engraving in the number for September 3 of "*Compromise with the South.*" I hope it will stir the blood of every Northern heart, as it fires that of every soldier who has fought through these terrible three years of slaughter begun by the fratricidal and murderous South. It would be *impossible* to depict more perfectly and feelingly what "Compromise with the South" means.
>
> Allow me to say that no one but a *soldier*, who has suffered and bled at the hands of these vile traitors, can fully appreciate your noble picture. It deserves to be hung in a frame of gold on the walls of every household in the North. Oh, that those cowards at the North who desire "peace at any price" could be fired with one spark of the high and self-sacrificing spirit that animates the army! We who risk most and suffer most by the war desire no *peace till every black and crime-stained traitor heart is crushed in the dust, and every seed of future treason and rebellion annihilated.*
>
> Accept the assurance that the army appreciates and honors you for the grand loyalty that your paper has always exhibited. Yours ever, in upholding the old flag,
>
> A SOLDIER OF THE REPUBLIC.

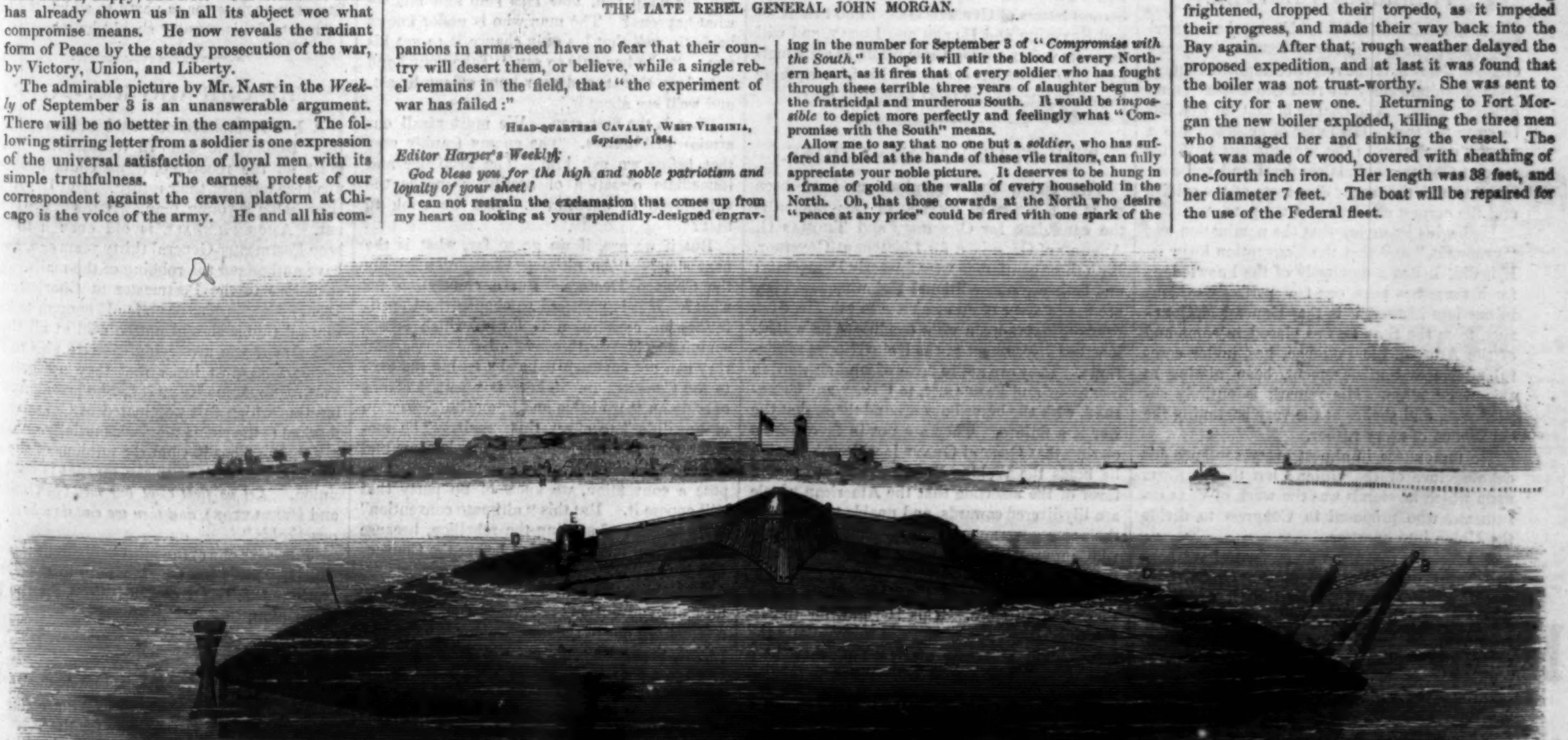
JOHN MORGAN.

THE late rebel General JOHN MORGAN, the most noted guerrilla leader of this war, was a native of Kentucky. When the war broke out he was a planter with considerable means; but he left his plantation and joined the Confederate army, when he was attached to General HARDEE's division. After the capture of Nashville by the Federals, in the spring of 1862, he was left by General JOHNSTON on the opposite side of the Cumberland, to watch the movements of BUELL's army. He did not, however, confine himself to regular operations of this nature, but gathered about him a set of adventurous young Kentuckians, whom he led in a series of predatory operations against railroads, supply-trains, and loyal citizens.

In the summer of 1863 MORGAN made a raid into Ohio, which terminated in his capture. With 28 of his command he was placed in the Ohio Penitentiary. He afterward escaped by means of a tunnel, and was promoted to a brigadier-generalship. The following are the incidents of his capture and death: MORGAN was on a reconnoissance near Greenville, in East Tennessee, September 4, and was lodging at an inviting house near the village. This house happened to be the residence of Mrs. WILLIAMS, whose husband is an officer on General BURNSIDE's staff. When MORGAN was asleep Mrs. WILLIAMS procured a horse, rode fifteen miles, and returned with a company of Union soldiers. As they arrived at the house MORGAN had just awoke. He drew his revolver and undertook to escape, when he was fired upon and killed.

THE REBEL TORPEDO BOAT.

WE give below a sketch of the rebel torpedo boat which was designed to do so much injury to FARRAGUT's fleet. FARRAGUT, while outside of the Bay, was in continual expectation of a visit from this boat, of which he had accurate information. She attempted to get out, but lost her reckoning, and the adventurers on board becoming frightened, dropped their torpedo, as it impeded their progress, and made their way back into the Bay again. After that, rough weather delayed the proposed expedition, and at last it was found that the boiler was not trust-worthy. She was sent to the city for a new one. Returning to Fort Morgan the new boiler exploded, killing the three men who managed her and sinking the vessel. The boat was made of wood, covered with sheathing of one-fourth inch iron. Her length was 38 feet, and her diameter 7 feet. The boat will be repaired for the use of the Federal fleet.



A, A. Dead Light.—B. Torpedo Projector.—C. Crane in elevating or lowering the Torpedo.—D, D. Kleets.—E. Smoke-stack.—F, F. Sight holes for Pilot or Helmsman.—G. Covering of Steam-drum.

REBEL TORPEDO BOAT.—[DRAWN BY R. WEIR, UNITED STATES NAVY.]

THE SITUATION.

Slow fades the summer in the leaf,
With steady pace the autumn comes,
And still our throbbing pulses time
With bugle-note and roll of drums.

Still waves our starry flag on high
Its greeting to the broad blue dome,
And still we gather 'neath its folds
In spite of treacherous foes at home.

We heed no offerings of a Peace
That clouds the honor of our land;
Our hands will never yield the sword
Till firmly based the Right shall stand.

The giant cataract echoed loud
The calm reply our ruler gave:
"Restore the UNION of the States
And loose the fetters of the slave!"

Ah, not till then may battle cease,
Though thick the rain of blood and tears;
This sacred baptism of fire
Must purify the stains of years.

It was by blood the land was bought,
The precious blood which patriots give
To win the birth-right of mankind;
It is through blood that we shall live.

As Abraham, known in days of old,
Offered up Isaac in God's eyes;
Our land, the mother of us all,
Offers her sons a SACRIFICE.

On Southern slopes their graves are green,
No war dreams stir their tranquil sleep;
Theirs is a rest forever sealed,
Whether the Nation smile or weep.

Oh, let it not be all in vain
That these have died! The smoke-stained sky
Is ringing with the cry of "Peace!"
And men proclaim the end is nigh.

Oh, God of battles, hear our prayer
Above this wild and stormy din,
And grant that ere the leaves shall fall
Freedom and Peace be ushered in!

TO ——.

NAY, not so, dearest! Look into my eyes,
Giving the search its clearest, amplest range;
Look in my heart, and see if there arise
In all its palpitations, new or strange,
One pulse of doubt, or smallest sign of change!
We have come hence the common road along,
And ours the common lot: for we have seen
Some lights go out, and darkness fill the way,
And even then, our hearts so full of song,
Sang to each other, as we passed between
The storm and cloud-drifts of the waiting day.
Think you such love could its dear object wrong?
I have thy answer as I give thee mine;
Yet all I can bestow, how mean compared with thine!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

M'CLELLAN'S LETTER.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN may be a good rider, but it requires an extraordinary exercise of the skill of the most accomplished equestrian simultaneously to ride two horses going different ways. The chance is that he will fall between the two. His letter of acceptance is a worthy conclusion to the ignominious performance at Chicago. It is confused and verbose: wanting both the manly directness of the soldier and the earnest conviction of the patriot.

He begins by saying that the nomination was "unsought," and that the Convention knew it. If it did, it had a monopoly of the knowledge; for if there has been one fact perfectly evident in our late history, it is that General M'Clellan, from the time he was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac, has, under careful advice and management, been aiming at this nomination. His remark is entirely superfluous, and shakes at the very beginning the confidence of every reader.

He announces in almost every sentence his devoted love of the Union; but the platform upon which he stands was the work of Vallandigham, who proposed in Congress to divide the Union into quarters.

He declares that the war ought to have been prosecuted only to maintain the Union. No man knows better than he that it never has been prosecuted for any other purpose, nor has any authorized person ever announced any other. When General M'Clellan bagged the entire Legislature of Maryland it was done to maintain the Union. When his friend Vallandigham was arrested it was for the same purpose. When the emancipation proclamation was issued it was to the same result.

He says that if the war had been waged for the Union only—and not, for instance, against the Maryland Legislature—"the work of reconciliation would have been easy." Easy! After Bull Run, for instance! This sentence is ludicrous, as showing General M'Clellan's profound ignorance of the causes and scope of this war; an ignorance manifested in every political paper he has ever issued, including his letter favoring Judge Woodward's election in Pennsylvania, an event openly desired by the rebels.

He says that when "our present adversaries"—meaning the rebels—clearly want peace "upon the basis of the Union," they ought to have it. Yes, and they will have it. The only basis of the Union is the Constitution. When the rebels submit to that, they will have peace of course. Nobody ever said otherwise, except those who nominated General M'Clellan.

He says:

> "We should exhaust all the resources of statesmanship practiced by civilized nations, and taught by the traditions of the American people, consistent with the honor and interests of the country to secure such peace, re-establish the Union, and guarantee for the future the Constitutional rights of every State. The Union is the one condition of peace—we ask no more.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> "If a frank, earnest, and persistent effort to obtain those objects should fail, the responsibility for ulterior consequences will fall upon those who remain in arms against the Union. But the Union must be preserved at all hazards."

The Government of the United States, with the aid of Generals Grant and Sherman, and Sheridan and Canby, and Admirals Farragut, Porter, and Captain Winslow, is making exactly that frank, earnest, and persistent effort for peace. The President is preserving the Union at all hazards. Why, then, does General M'Clellan oppose him? Why does he not assist those frank and earnest efforts? Or, after all his fine talk, does the Chicago candidate really mean the kind of earnest efforts that the Chicago Convention meant, "An immediate cessation of hostilities, or other peaceable means?"

It is a sorry plight for a man who once held the position that M'Clellan did in public confidence to be nominated by the party of national disgrace, and then exhaust his ingenuity in trying to hedge so as to seem not to be exactly of their opinion. If he is conscious that he does not represent their views, why not say so manfully. To accept their nomination upon so plain a platform is to declare himself, as he is, the candidate of those who made it, and of the party which has no objection to the Union provided only that Southern slaveholders control it, but who think that the only real enemies of the Union are American citizens who are unwilling to allow the slaveholders to override the laws.

The General's political strategy is no better than his military. As usual, he is too late. If he had instantly kicked over the platform the act would have shown an indignant and manly patriotism that would have helped him in the estimation of all honest citizens. But to devote a week to the vain effort of saying something that should please one part of his partisans and not alienate the other, and while he seemed to be in favor of the war yet to agree to stand upon a platform which pronounces it a failure, was simply to devote a week to his own defeat.

His letter is an attempt at political juggling in the midst of an earnest war. But the loyal people of the United States want no leader who gives an uncertain sound. They will weigh this letter in the scale with all the frank, manly, simple letters of the President, which leave no doubt of their meaning or of their author's position, and the juggling letter will be found wanting. They will compare it with the calm and earnest letters of Generals Grant and Sherman and Seymour and Hazen and Logan, and will leave its writer among those whom of all American citizens he has chosen for his friends, those for whose success the rebel chieftains pray.

THE STATE NOMINATIONS.

THE Union State nominations have been made. Reuben E. Fenton of Chautauqua is the candidate for Governor, and Thomas G. Alvord of Onondaga for Lieutenant-Governor. Both these gentlemen were formerly Democrats; and both are unconditional Union men. They are not in favor of an armistice to ask Mr. Jefferson Davis upon what conditions he will allow the Government of the United States to continue. They are not in favor of sending word to Sherman and Farragut, to Canby and Sheridan, with the brave boys around them, that the war is a failure. They are not in favor of declaring that General Grant is whipped because he holds the Weldon Road. They are not in favor of the assertion that the American people are lily-livered cowards, and unable to maintain their own government. Every man in the State who agrees with them will of course work and vote for them.

The resolutions of the Convention repeat those at Baltimore. This is right, for the issue throughout the country is substantially the same. The Governor of New York must be a man heartily in accord with the Administration, and sincerely believing in the cause of the country. The present Governor of the State is a magistrate dear to the rebel heart. He is a magistrate who does not hesitate to charge the responsibility of the rebellion upon the loyal States and people. He is a magistrate who declared publicly that if the Union could not be saved without emancipation the Union should be dissolved. Finally, he is the magistrate who calls the worst criminals "my friends," and who was President of the Convention which proposes to submit to the rebels. This is not the kind of chief magistrate that New York requires at this time. That officer must believe in the fundamental American doctrine of equal rights and fair play; in an unconditional Union; in the submission of armed rebels to the Constitution and the laws; in the national supremacy.

Mr. Fenton and Mr. Alvord are unswervingly true to these cardinal points; while the extent and duration of their public services have given them each large experience and a wide familiarity with men and affairs.

Every national success in the field strengthens the Union ticket in the State as it does in the country. Is not that argument enough for every honest patriot? Principles need no explanation when the triumph of the national arms confirm them. That fact alone shows those principles to be national and the candidates who represent them to be men who agree with Grant and Farragut, with Sherman and Porter, and with the vast majority of the American people.

COPPERHEAD THREATS.

TRUE to their belief that the American people are conquered by the rebels, and are craven enough to ask for terms, the Copperhead orators and papers hope to frighten those people still more by threatening them with civil war at home if the Copperhead candidate for Pesident is not elected.

This kind of talk comes naturally from those who wish to compromise with men who began civil war four years ago because their candidate was defeated. It comes naturally from those who believe that the States are sovereign powers, and that, therefore, citizens of the United States can not be forced to submit to their Government. It comes naturally from those whose reliance is not upon the intelligence but the ignorance of the people; from those who do not prevail by reasonable argument, but by appeals to the basest passions. It comes naturally from a "Conservatism" which burns orphan asylums and massacres men because they are poor and defenseless.

But those gentry sadly deceive themselves if they suppose the loyal people of this country are so deeply sunken in degradation as to surrender their right of voting freely to any threats of this kind. It is precisely because the Copperheads are capable of using such menaces in a political canvass that they will find themselves excluded from power by the people. For there is not a fool in the land who does not see, that, if they threaten violence when they find themselves in the minority, there is no enormity of which they might not be guilty if they found themselves actually in the majority.

THE CHICAGO PEACE-RECIPE.

THE Chicago Doctors tell us that, since it is proved we are beaten, we must ask the victors for an armistice, with a view to "an ultimate Convention." But upon what terms are the rebels likely to grant an armistice to those who confess that the war is a failure? When one adversary says to another, whom he is throttling while his knee is on his breast, "There, I see I can not whip you, now let's stop and talk"—what happens? The man who is under knows perfectly well that his only chance is to get his feet. So he has only to say, "Take your hand out of my throat, and your knee off my breast, and we'll see about it."

That is the first step. We must recall our armies and navies. The enemy frankly says that before we ask him. The armistice and immediate cessation of hostilities means the withdrawal of our forces. Are we sunk to that?

But if we are, if we go so far, what is the next step? "An ultimate Convention," reply the Chicago Doctors. But a convention for what? If it is proposed to change the Constitution, no convention is lawful which is not summoned by two-thirds of all the States, and they can not summon it but by taking the oath to the Constitution. There is no need of our offering an "armistice and immediate cessation of hostilities" to effect this result. The moment that the rebels lay down their arms and return to their loyalty, and constitutionally propose a convention, we know of no party that will oppose it. But this "ultimate convention" is no method of settling the rebellion, because the rebellion must be settled before the Convention is possible.

Now the real meaning of this talk about "an ultimate convention" is apparent enough from a remark in one of the most violent M'Clellan papers, that "we could not expect the South to come to a convention pledged in advance to accept the result." In other words, "the South," or the rebels, having taken an oath of fidelity to the Union so as to be able to hold a convention at all, would perjure themselves, and plunge into fresh war if they did not like the action of the convention. And the paper which makes this extraordinary statement also assumes that both sides would come into the Convention armed! In other words, that Grant, Farragut, and Sherman should remain just where they are, but should refrain from further demonstrations until the rebels had decided what terms they would offer us, and we had accepted or rejected them!

To any such ridiculous suggestion Davis would, of course, reply, "If you men of Chicago believe what you say, that you can not do what you have undertaken to do, take away your armies. You concede that the experiment of war has failed, and, therefore, whatever happens, you have no further need of soldiers." When we had done what he commanded he would add: "And now you want a convention. What for? To restore the Union which I spit upon, and which you confess you can't maintain by arms? Do you think I am going to give to blarney what I would not give to cannon-balls, and yield to M'Clellan's palaver what I refused to Farragut's batteries? We rebels fought to dissolve the Union. You fought to retain it. You confess yourselves beaten. Do you suppose we love the Union any more dearly because you have shed our blood and desolated our lands? We despise the lot of you, and especially those who insist upon licking the boots that kick them." And so "not being pledged in advance to accept the result," but being pledged exactly not to accept it, Jeff Davis and Company would depart to their own place.

This is the peace-recipe of the Chicago Doctors. Are faithful citizens of the United States ready for such tragical tomfoolery? This is what one of his sycophants calls "the strangely mature statesmanship" of General M'Clellan. Would not statesmanship a little less "strange" serve our purpose at this juncture? Is not the practice of Doctors Grant, Sherman, Farragut, Sheridan, Porter, and Canby somewhat more consistent with the character and purposes of the loyal American people than this of Doctors M'Clellan and Vallandigham, and the Chicago school?

"CONSERVATIVE" RIBALDRY.

IF any of our readers are really wondering which is the "Conservative" party in this election; which candidates a peaceable, thoughtful, self-respecting citizen ought to vote for, let him look over the following list of epithets applied to the Constitutional President of the United States by the men who obstreperously vociferate that they are "Conservative." Is this the spirit of that wise Conservatism which every good citizen respects? Is there any partisan ribaldry so disgusting since the *Aurora* bespattered General Washington with invective? These are the terms applied by the friends of General M'Clellan to the President:

Filthy Story-Teller,
Despot,
Big Secessionist,
Liar,
Thief,
Braggart,
Buffoon,
Usurper,
Monster,
Ignoramus Abe,
Old Scoundrel,
Perjurer,
Robber,
Swindler,
Tyrant,
Fiend,
Butcher,
Land-Pirate,
A Long, Lean, Lank, Lantern-Jawed,
High-Cheeked-Boned Spavined
Rail-Splitting Stallion.

Is the party whose orators and papers incessantly speak of the President of the United States in such terms, a party to which the Government of this country should be intrusted?

THE CHICAGO KEY-NOTE.

A DR. ALLEN recently said at a meeting of the "Democratic" club in Washington that we must let the rebels go, if we could not agree upon the terms of their return. But Dr. Allen is probably a young man. Amos Kendall is not. Amos Kendall is old enough to have been Postmaster-General thirty years ago, and to have authorized the robbing of the mails. (Instructions to the Postmaster at Charleston in 1835.) Amos Kendall is old enough to know that all things should not be said at all times; and that if you are trying to drive pigs to Killarney you must insist that they are going to Cork. So Amos Kendall, who presided at the meeting which first nominated M'Clellan, remarked to the young man substantially: "Don't say that. That is what the minions of the despot Lincoln wish us to say, for that is bald disunion. *Let us first elect our men* (M'Clellan and Pendleton), *and then we can do whatever is practicable.*"

This, says one of the most belligerent "peace" papers, "gives the true key-note to the Democratic music." Of course it does, for the tune is disunion.

THE SOLDIERS' VIEW.

THE New York Secretary of State has sent the blank ballots to the army for the New York soldiers. Those soldiers will not be likely to forget that the Union candidate for Governor of the State, Reuben E. Fenton, is the able and efficient and devoted Chairman of the National Committee for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers. He does not believe, nor has he ever believed, that the war was a failure, and that the imperial State ought to ask pardon of rebels; nor that the triumphs of Sherman, and Farragut, and the deadly grip of Grant, are reasons for asking "an immediate cessation of hostilities."

“AT ALL HAZARDS.”

GENERAL M'CLELLAN, in accepting the nomination of a Convention which says that the war has failed and that there must be an immediate cessation of hostilities to arrange a peace, declares, with a fine flourish, that the Union must be preserved at all hazards. His friend, HORATIO SEYMOUR, the President of the Convention, differs from him. Mr. SEYMOUR says that if the Union can be preserved only by emancipation, then to save Slavery the Union must go.

Yet Mr. SEYMOUR will vote for General M'CLELLAN. Does not that fact give us a glimpse behind the scenes?

Mr. SEYMOUR further says that the candidate is the representative of principles. Of what principles? Clearly of those who nominated him.

Will every Union man weigh these things?

A SHOT FROM FARRAGUT.

IN his dispatch to Commodore PALMER, at New Orleans, Admiral FARRAGUT says: “Congratulate the General commanding......*Nothing could have been more harmonious than our combined operations. We had no ambition to excel each other but in the destruction of the enemy's works.*”

Are not these timely words for dissatisfied Union men to ponder? Ought we to have any other object than the destruction of the enemy's works at Chicago and elsewhere, and the defeat of all their Generals commanding?

THE PRESIDENT.

THE great service that the President has done for this country and for civilization has been often considered in these columns. But we commend to the careful attention of our readers the following thoughtful little essay, which foretells what we believe will be the verdict of history:

When a ship, after a long and tedious voyage, is met by head-winds and unfavorable currents as she slowly approaches her destined haven, a feeling of disappointment and despondency takes possession of the passengers and the crew, and each one attributes to the officer of the ship the inevitable and necessary delays and discouragements to which they are subjected. Instead of looking forward to the near and certain land to which they are bound they turn their eyes resolutely backward, and persuade themselves that all the troubles in the past are to be gone over anew, and that the momentary delay from which they are suffering could have been avoided had a different course been pursued in some previous part of the voyage. A few days, however, generally suffice to change all this. The long-wished-for land is sighted, certainty takes the place of disappointed hopes, and they feel with mortification and regret how unjust they have been to the officer whose every hour and thought has been devoted to their welfare, and who has at length brought them with safety, and with a prosperous voyage, to the end of their journey. Long after every other incident of the voyage has faded from their minds they remember and long to recall the unreasonable and unjust accusations that a moment of impatience caused them to utter toward one to whom their safe return home was in so large a measure due.

In just such a situation do we find ourselves at the present time. The voyage is nearly over; we can almost feel the land-breeze wafting over the waters, and see the land birds fluttering around us; our charts and our observations all give us assurance that we are near the end of our journey; but because we can not see the land and put our feet upon it, we are disposed to be anxious and captious, and to lay blame on our faithful and vigilant leader. Let us be more manly and more just. Let us remember how upright and courageous our President has been in the dark and anxious days we have passed through. How manfully and persistently he has met disaster and defeat, always hopeful and always calm in the midst of the greatest dangers and trials.

It is not of so great importance to Mr. LINCOLN's future fame that he should or should not be elected President for another term. His great record is written, and can never be effaced. In a few short months we may be at the end of our great troubles, and, let us hope, free forever from the anxieties that now beset us. But when that time comes, when history and tradition repeat beside every fireside in the land the trials and the dangers and the heroism of each most faithful and noble veteran, then it will be said: “And he, too, never faltered: he marched with us side by side: he believed in us when so many desponded: he risked all to support and sustain and reinforce us. We and he worked together with one heart to remove the dark stain of Slavery from our national honor; and if we deserve any credit for what we have done in restoring our land to unity and peace and justice, he with us shall ever receive a common share.”

This is a fame which no station or absence of station can add to or diminish. His work, like that of the most obscure soldier whose body lies buried under the sod of Gettysburg or Antietam, has been done, and faithfully done, and no act of others can destroy or weaken or increase its honor. Faithful and consecrated to the service of his country, his memory, though it were as nameless as that of any private in our armies or any nurse in our hospitals, will, like theirs, be sweet in the heart of every true American so long as the humblest hamlet remains to keep up the tradition of a good citizen. So manly and modest a character, so faithful to every duty, so forgiving and so generous, with a sagacity so eminent, and exercised with so much intelligence and such an absence of guile that his strongest enemies and those of our country have no so ardent wish as to see him replaced in the position of influence he occupies by some other, any other, man. The discontinuance of power does not imply with him cessation of influence. To his successor, whoever he may be or whenever he may come, we can only say, “Walk as nearly in his steps as you can, and you can not, and you will not in the end, fail of the support of all loyal hearts. Think as much of the humblest soldier as of the most distinguished general; be as just to the interests of the poorest citizen as to those of the most importunate suitor; be slow to come to a decision, and slower to change from it; dare to be unpopular in the performance of imperative duty; set an example of calm confidence and religious trust in the hour of gloom and despondency; and you, like him, shall have it written on your tombstone and on the hearts of your fellow-countrymen, ‘He, too, was worthy to be an American citizen.’”

It is not our desire in these lines to urge the merits of party considerations or of partisan success. Our appeal is to higher and nobler motives. Let us strive to recall and to cherish the remembrance of his long and faithful efforts at co-operation with all the highest and best purposes which have actuated our country in the great and earnest struggle in which we are engaged. Let us aim to imitate his unfaltering tenacity of purpose in the attainment for our country of a permanent Union and liberty, worthy of the traditions into which we were born; then, indeed, the question of who is to be our next President will be one which we need not consider with solicitude; while by such thoughts and such purposes we shall have paid the highest tribute which a free people are able to bestow upon one who has earned so great a claim upon our respect and our gratitude. G. C. W.

WANTED, A LITTLE GOOD SENSE.

ANOTHER friend writes: “The party that went for peace at Chicago has gone to pieces at Atlanta. But the want of practical good sense on the part of some of our friends pains me. The real question at issue is so simple, and the importance of solving it correctly so immense, that I am surprised alike at the confusion of mind and the failure of appreciation of the stake among those who are most deeply interested in the result. Even if Mr. LINCOLN were not, as I believe, the best candidate, he is now the only possible one for the Union party; and surely, such being the case, personal preferences should be sunk in consideration of the unspeakable evil to which their indulgence may lead.”

A WORD IN SEASON.

GENERAL DIX has written the following letter to Mr. WARD HUNT, who had asked to be allowed to use the General's name as a candidate for Governor of New York:

“HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST,
NEW YORK CITY, *Sept.* 5, 1864.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received yours of the 3d instant, and thank you for your kind suggestion. I could not, however, accept the nomination for Governor if it were tendered to me. I am not, for that reason, the less earnest in my desire to do all in my power to sustain the Government in its efforts to put down the rebellion—an object to be effected, in my judgment, by a steady and unwavering prosecution of the war.

“I am, my dear Sir, truly yours,
“JOHN A. DIX.”

General DIX favors “a steady and unwavering prosecution of the war,” not “an immediate cessation of hostilities.”

THE VOICE OF “A MAN.”

HON. ISAAC N. ARNOLD, for the last four years representative in Congress from the Chicago District, recently withdrew as a candidate for re-election in consequence of a sharp contest among the Union men. He writes a dignified and manly letter, concluding as follows, in words and in a spirit which we commend to all those in the Union ranks who are disposed to indulge their personal griefs:

“In my judgment the next ninety days will decide the fate of our country. Disguised and covered up as it may be, it will really be a contest between war for liberty and the Union and a humiliating peace. It will be a contest between patriotic self-sacrifice and narrow selfishness, as well as between heroic loyalty and sympathy with traitors. I need scarcely add that my efforts for the re-election of Mr. LINCOLN will not be lessened, and that I shall labor, as heretofore, for the utter destruction of Slavery and the restoration of the Union on the basis of liberty to all.”

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

THE armies of the Union have never at any period of the war been so favorably situated as they are to-day. With Hood's army driven out of Atlanta, and with Lee's army rendered, by the judicious disposition of the Federal forces in Virginia, incapable of assuming the offensive, with reinforcements poured every day by thousands into the Federal armies, while every day witnesses the diminution of the rebel armies both by desertion and the inevitable attrition of war, the victory of our national Government over this shameful rebellion can not be far distant. According to our Lieutenant-General's estimate the rebel desertions amount to one regiment per day. Every rebel reverse like the fall of Atlanta multiplies in a continually increasing ratio the number of these desertions. General Grant, in order to encourage rebels to come into our lines, has issued a proclamation assuring them that they would not be compelled to enter the Federal army, but would receive free transportation to any point within our lines. The sole circumstance affording courage to armed rebels is the disposition on the part of the Chicago Democratic party to sue to the rebel authorities for peace.

GRANT AND SHERIDAN.

There is no important intelligence from the Army of the James. There is every reason to believe that Lee's army behind his intrenchments at Petersburg was reduced to the lowest possible limit in order to render Early master of the situation in the Shenandoah Valley. Grant, taking advantage of this depletion in his immediate front, seized upon the Weldon Road, and has held it with his accustomed tenacity. At the same time the Federal army in the Valley was reorganized and reinforced, and Early was obliged to take the defensive. At one time we have a rumor that Lee is reinforcing Early, and then again that Early is reinforcing Lee; but in neither case is there any certainty. Since the engagement at Berryville on the 3d there has been no action of importance in the Valley. On the 4th Mosby captured one of Sheridan's ambulance trains of 35 wagons, filled with wounded.

SHERMAN.

The following letter from General Sherman gives the details of the capture of Atlanta:

“ATLANTA, *September* 7.

“On the 25th of August, pursuant to a plan of which the War Department had been fully advised, I left the Twentieth Corps at the Chattahoochie Bridge, and with the balance of the army I drew off from the siege, and using some considerable artifice to mislead the enemy.

“I moved rapidly south, reached the West Point Railroad near Fairborn on the 27th, and broke up twelve miles of it. When moving east my right approached the Macon Railroad near Jonesborough, and my left near Rough and Ready. The enemy attacked the right wing of the Army of the Tennessee, and were completely beaten.

“On the 31st, and during the combat, I pushed the left of the centre rapidly to the railroad above, between Rough and Ready and Jonesborough.

“On the 1st of September we broke up about eight miles of the Macon Road, and turned on the enemy at Jonesborough, assaulted him and his lines, and carried them, capturing Brigadier-General Gorman and about 2000 prisoners, with eight guns and much plunder. Night alone prevented our capturing all of Hardee's corps, which escaped south that night.

“That same night, Hood, in Atlanta, finding all his railroads broken and in our possession, blew up his ammunition, seven locomotives and eighty cars, and evacuated Atlanta, which, on the next day, September 2, was occupied by the corps left for that purpose, Major-General Slocum commanding, we following the retreating rebel army to near Lovejoy's station, thirty miles south of Atlanta, where, finding him strongly intrenched, I concluded it would not ‘pay’ to assault as we already had the great object of the campaign, viz., Atlanta. Accordingly the army gradually and leisurely returned to Atlanta; and it is now encamped eight miles south of the city, and to-morrow will move to the camps appointed. I am now writing in Atlanta, so I could not be uneasy in regard to our situation.

“We have as the result of this quick, and, as I think, well-executed movement, 27 guns, over 3000 prisoners, and have buried over 400 rebel dead, and left as many wounded; they could not be removed.

“The rebels have lost, besides the important city of Atlanta and stores, at least 500 dead, 2500 wounded, and 3000 prisoners, whereas our aggregate loss will not foot 1500.

“If that is not success, I don't know what is.

(Signed) “SHERMAN, Major-General.”

It was Hardee's corps, together with General S. L. Lee's and Cleburne's commands, which fought the battle of Jonesborough on the rebel side. The rebel Generals Anderson, Patten, and Cummings were wounded. The capture of Atlanta renders useless any of the rebel attempts on Sherman's communications.

FARRAGUT.

During the siege of Mobile, and up to the surrender of Fort Morgan, August 24, our loss in all was one ship sunk by a torpedo, one burned through infraction of orders, and 330 men killed and wounded, half of whom were killed by drowning or the fire of the enemy. On the other hand, we took from 1700 to 1800 prisoners, captured the two best vessels of the enemy, forced them to burn the gun-boat *Gaines*, and drove the rest of their fleet beyond the obstructions. Three forts, with one hundred guns of heavy calibre, with all their material, were unconditionally surrendered to us.

The rebel gun-boat *Morgan* escaped to Mobile, and the gun-boat *Powell* was blown up to prevent her falling into our hands. The United States steamer *Oneida* suffered more than any other vessel; Commander J. R. Mulaney lost his left arm. The second day after the surrender of Fort Morgan a torpedo was accidentally exploded in the breach, killing five and wounding four men of the *Seminole*, killed two of General Granger's men, and took off both arms of one of the *Metacomet's* men.

The pilot of the *Hartford* was wounded. Admiral Buchanan was doing well and would not lose his leg. Commander Murphy of the *Selma* was wounded and doing well. Commander J. D. Johnston of the rebel ram *Tennessee* was in the hospital at Pensacola. The executive officer of the *Tennessee*, W. L. Bradford, is a prisoner on the United States frigate *Potomac*.

THE STATE CONVENTION.

The Union State Convention met at Syracuse on the 7th of September. Hon. Reuben E. Fenton was nominated as candidate for Governor, and Thomas G. Alvord for Lieutenant-Governor. Horace Greeley and Preston King were appointed Presidential Electors at large.

THE ELECTION IN MAINE.

The election in Maine September 12 resulted in the choice of Samuel Cony, the Union candidate, for Governor. The Union majority is 20,000, a large gain upon that of last year.

ITEMS.

Brigadier-General J. E. Mower has been promoted to a Major-Generalship.

The Government has no apprehensions of difficulty with England on account of the seizure of the pirate *Georgia*, notwithstanding she had been sold to Portugal. It is a well-settled principle of English maritime law, that belligerent's vessels shall not be transferred from neutral ports during hostilities between the belligerent parties.

At the municipal election in Baltimore, September 6, the Union men carried the city by 450 majority, electing every candidate in every Ward.

The Democratic State Convention of Illinois was held in Springfield September 6. Hon. James C. Robinson was nominated for Governor, and S. Corning Judd for Lieutenant-Governor.

Colonel Thomas Egan, Fourteenth New York, has been appointed Brigadier-General for bravery in the field, on General Grant's recommendation.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.—The year used to be reckoned to contain 365 days 6 hours; but, strictly speaking, the year only contains 365 days, 48 minutes, 48 seconds. In 1752 there were eleven days over, and by Act of Parliament, the 2d was called the 13th, and the reckoning and the true motion made to agree. The new style is called the Gregorian style, because it was introduced by Pope Gregory, who, at Rome, introduced it as early as the year 1582, when the vernal equinox fell on the 11th instead of the 21st, and ten days were dropped. The Romans added the day on leap-year on the 6th of the calends of March, making two sixths, or *bis sextus*, and hence the expression Bissextile year, or leap-year. A leap-year is the year that divides evenly by four, and, consequently, the present year is a leap-year, when any ladies who feel so disposed have, according to an old saying, the right to “pop the question.” In England, until 1752, we began the year at the vernal equinox, and to make dates agree with those of other nations, between January and Lady-Day, our writers used to put two dates thus, February 7, 1708/1709 the bottom date being that from January the 1st, and the upper that from the previous Lady-Day. The Russians still adhere to the old style.

JOY is of itself worth something, if only that it crowds out something worse before one lays down his heavy head and sinks into nothingness.

How much authors change their opinions of their own works according to their time of life is illustrated by the following anecdote. Baron Haller was in his youth devoted to poetry. His house was on fire, and to rescue his poems he rushed through the flames; he contrived to rescue his manuscripts, but ten years after he condemned to the flames the very poems which he had risked his life to preserve.

THE following anecdote furnishes a good suggestion to ministers and lecturers who are troubled with inattentive audiences: At a public meeting held at Antwerp a few days since, one of the speakers, M. Van Ryswick, was received with such clamor by some of the persons that he could not obtain a hearing. He accordingly sat down, produced a pack of cards, and asked one of his neighbors to join him in a game of piquet till the noise should cease. This humorous expedient had the effect of instantaneously silencing his opponents.

THE Montreal *Herald* describes a horrible scene which was recently witnessed in Canada. The court-house and prison of St. Scholastique caught fire, the flames spreading with great rapidity. The prison contained six prisoners—three men and three women. The men were with difficulty rescued. The women could not be reached. One of them appeared at a window and piteously implored “*Mon Dieu, sauvez nous! sauvez nous!*” To relieve her was now beyond the power of man. Men, women, and children who were spectators of this scene fell on their knees, praying the Almighty to pity her.

On the topmost step of a fragile ladder were the feet of the Rev. M. Barnabe, with hands clasping the iron bars, imploring the poor creature to prepare to meet her God. Here, at the risk of his life, he gave the dying creature the last consolation of his Church. Ere it was completed the black smoke became red, and in it the poor girl fell back to be neither heard nor seen again. Her mother and sister were victims with her, but neither of them were seen or heard from the outside; suffocation, no doubt, came early over them. These three women had been confined for destroying a newly-born infant.

TOBACCO became fashionable through Sir Walter Raleigh, but by the caution he took in smoking it privately it is clear he did not wish to have the custom imitated. But sitting one day with a pipe in his mouth, he inadvertently called for some small-beer. The fellow coming into the room threw all the liquor into his master's face, and running down stairs called out, “Help! help! Sir Walter has studied till his head is on fire, and the smoke bursts out at his mouth and nose.”

ABSOLUTE, peremptor[illegible] bullies, and those who keep company with th[illegible] to get a bullying habit of mind.

YOUNGER, [illegible] Angling,” gives the following hint to person[illegible] too tenderly inclined to go a-fishing: “On the fal[illegible] flood the trout soon perceives, and sets out on h[illegible], first on the easy eddies, and sucks in the small flies in thousands, filling his stomach on dainties to repletion. Cut up a trout of a pound weight in such a time, and see in his throat and stomach ten thousand blue midge flies going into a mash among six or eight pars and minnows, and find that he has also been so greedy as to take your fly or minnow over all; and then don't be sorry for having *nabbed* him, and saved a million more of flies and small fish, each life as precious as his. From the stomach of a trout of about the above weight I have cut out six small trouts, pars, or smolts, averaging five inches long: the one first swallowed digested nearly to the bones, the last, whole and entire, still stuck in the gullet for lack of capacity in the stomach equal to the voracity of its nature. This trout took my imitation fly over and above this gorged bellyful, by which it was caught.”

He says also: “I have known two fishers, each of whom has, at periods more than twenty years apart, met with the self-same occurrence in the very same place. The fish took the bait, and was run some time from near the head to the foot of the stream, when, by some accident, the line was broken, or cut on a rock, within a foot or two of his mouth, when the fisher coolly put on a new tackle and bait, went up and began again at the end of the cast, and exactly on the same spot, hooked him again with much less ceremony than at the first, as the fish seized it this last time with great eagerness, and was run and landed with the first bait—hooks, gut, worms, and all—hanging in his throat.”

THE murder of Mr. Briggs on the Great Northern Railway in England appears to have rendered the English people over-nervous. A few days ago a Duke was traveling by rail, and the sole occupant of a first-class carriage, when at an intervening station another passenger got in in a hurry. No sooner did he perceive that there was but one passenger in the carriage than he called out pretty lustily, “Guard, guard, let me out!” The train, however, started immediately, and the stranger dropped into his seat, looking exceedingly nervous, and ventured at length to say, “It's rather an awkward thing traveling with only one man nowadays.” The Duke, whose frank and open countenance might satisfy the most suspicious, appreciated the joke, but did not take the advantage of it he fairly might, and replied, good-naturedly, “Well, if you are not afraid of me I am not afraid of you.”

MOST lives, though their stream is loaded with sand and turbid with alluvial waste, drop a few golden grains of wisdom as they flow along.

THE latest discovery in portraiture is an invention styled by the patentee the “Casket or Crystal Cube Miniature,” by which a solid image of your head is, by some development of the photographic art, seen looking, with a strange, living reality, from out of the centre of a small cube of crystal, every feature standing out in as perfect relief as though chiseled by the hands of fairy sculptors.

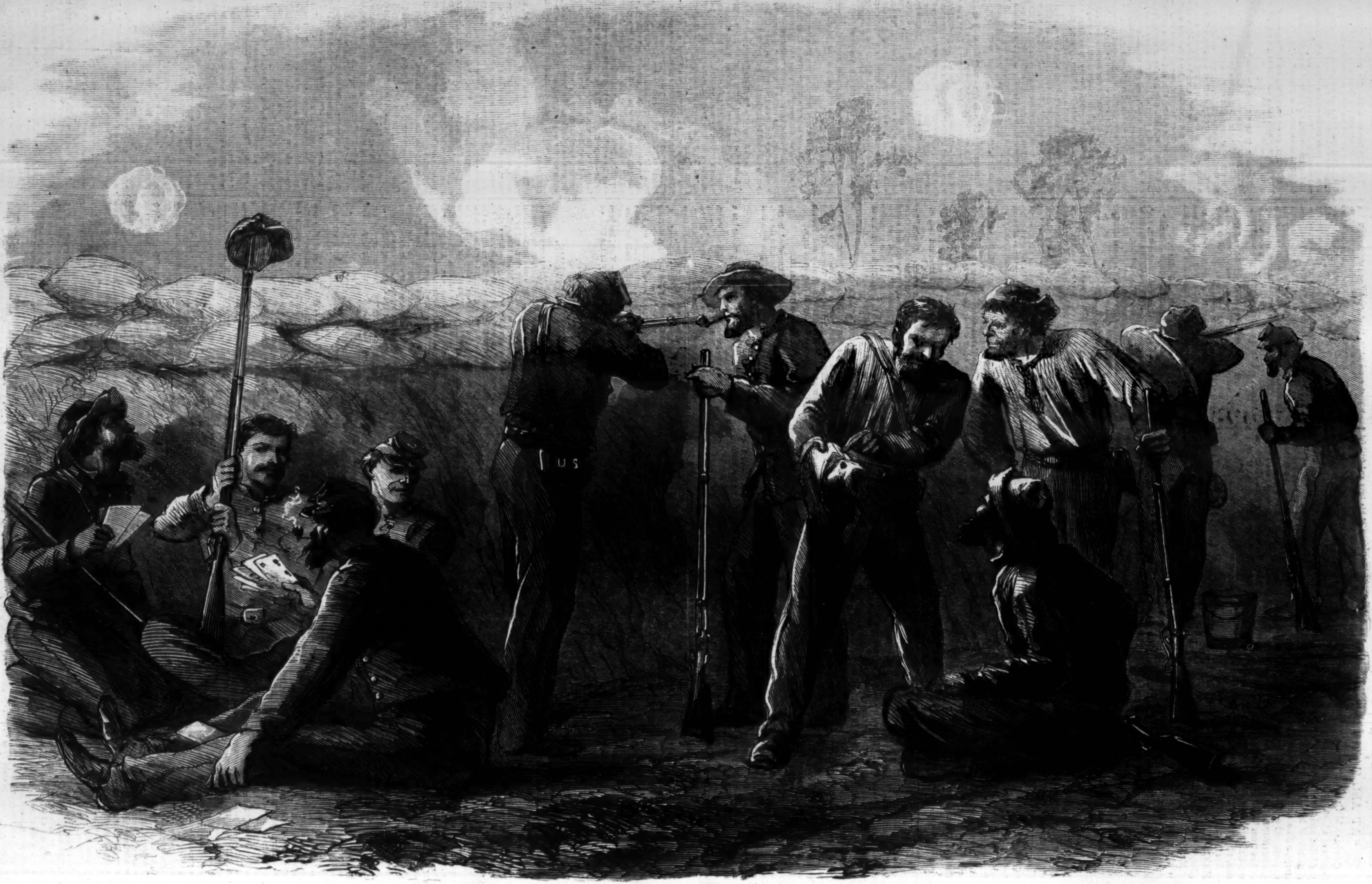
WE have frequently heard of the power of the imagination, but the following instance, which lately occurred in France, affords a novel illustration: A respectably-dressed man of about fifty called on a man at St. Etienne, and said, “I am a builder by trade, and in making my contracts am sometimes obliged to drink rather too freely. Finding myself lately indisposed in consequence of these excesses I was advised to apply to M. X——, of Caux, who had, I was told, a secret of sovereign efficacy in such cases. I followed the recommendation and took the remedy, which consisted of a white powder done up in small packets; but instead of being cured I find I am poisoned, and I have been told this morning that the remedy is arsenic. Yes, Sir,” continued the speaker, with great violence, ‘I am poisoned, and already to-day I have had one violent attack.” While speaking his countenance changed, his breathing became heavy, and throwing himself back in a chair he exclaimed, “I am going to have another—I am dying—help! help!” The doctor went toward him and found that he was dead. A post-mortem examination proved that the man died from paralysis of the pectoral muscles, brought on by violent emotion produced by a diseased imagination. No trace of poison existed. The white powder was analyzed, and turned out to be not arsenic, but simply sugar of milk, a completely harmless substance.

THE poet Milton's house in Barbican, England, is to be removed for railway purposes. Mr. Dunn, foreman of the works, writes: “It may be interesting to antiquaries to know, previous to the demolition of Milton's house in Barbican, that there are relics there in course of removal which deserve a better fate than to be carried away as rubbish. The old school-room and study were almost entire, but is now partly taken down. The oak around these apartments is still on the ground. Only forty panes of glass from the original windows are there. There may be more to interest collectors of objects of this kind than I am aware of; but, previous to the utter removal of every atom from the premises, I shall be happy to admit any party having an interest in the ‘memoir’ of Milton.”

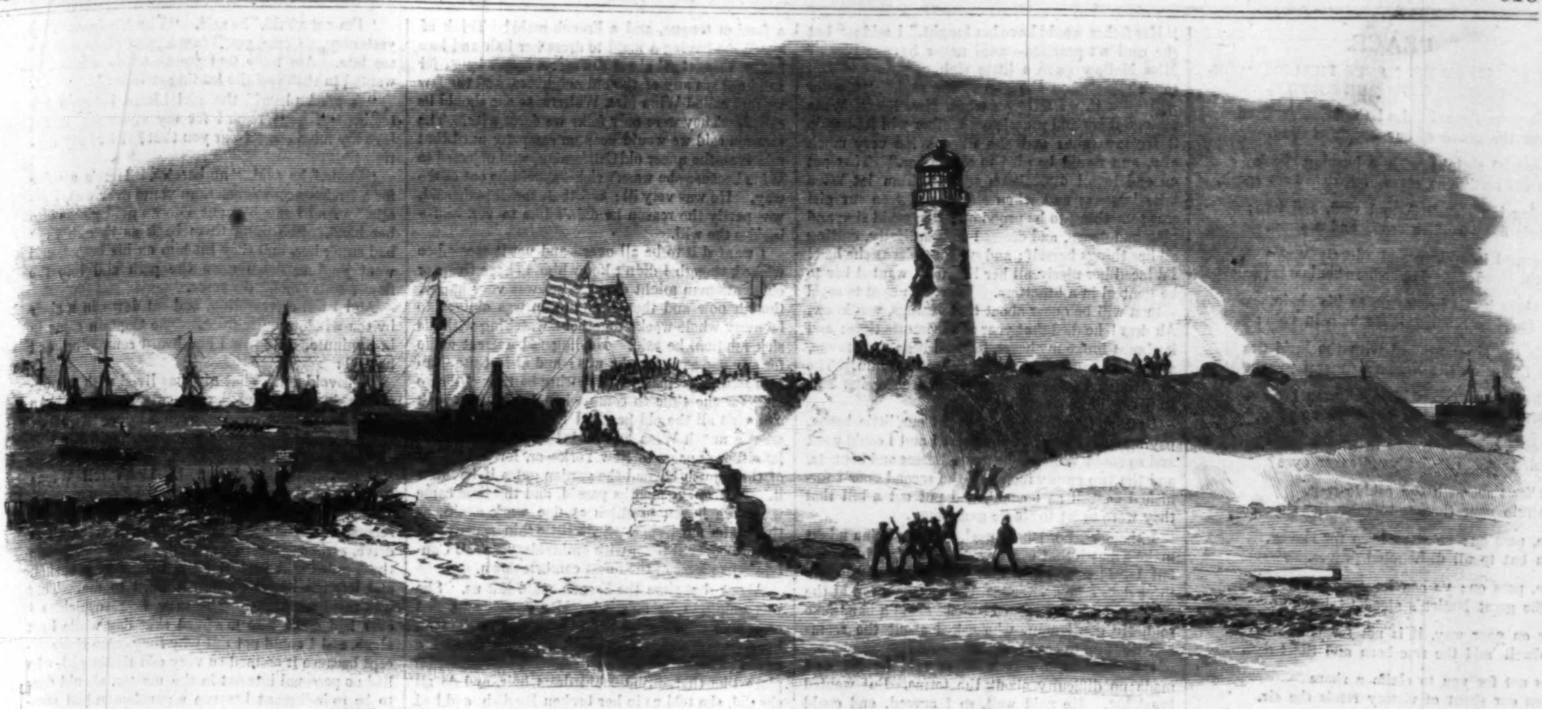
A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Athenæum*, writing from Naples, gives the following items in regard to discoveries lately made in Pompeii: “Just two years ago I communicated to you my good fortune in witnessing, during a visit to Pompeii, the disinterment of a baker's oven, with its full batch of loaves untouched since the moment, eighteen hundred years ago, when they were there deposited by the unforeboding baker, for the sales on that morrow which he was fated never to see. In my present visit I find myself close upon the track of the discovery, hardly less curious, of another of the elements of human life—that of an ancient well, with its waters still as fresh and sparkling as when, on the day of the great catastrophe, the *aquarius* of the house to which it belongs drew from it the supply for the last meal of the doomed family. The well is in the cellar of a house which has been very recently excavated, and in which have been discovered many objects of interest, especially a small but beautiful statue, of which I shall have occasion to speak later. The well is about sixty-five feet in depth, and still retains about fifteen feet of water.

“Among the relics of a bakery preserved in the local museum is one which throws a curious light on the domestic arrangements of the Pompeian baker, being no other than one of the dishes which were actually in process of preparation for dinner on the very day of the catastrophe! Upon the cooking-stove in the kitchen was found a stew-pan half filled with ashes, and in the bottom appeared an indurated mass, which Signor Fiorelli rightly conjectured to have been produced by some of the viands which lay within the pan, and which, although long since decomposed, had left their impress on the now consolidated ashes. Acting upon this happy thought, he applied in this instance the same ingenious process which was so successfully adopted in reproducing that painfully life-like group of human figures described with such terrible fidelity in one of your former numbers; and the result has fully justified his anticipations, being an exact fac-simile in bronze of a young pig, which was being stewed for the family dinner at the very moment when they were surprised by the stroke of doom.

“In connection with this curious relic I may mention the discovery of the skeleton of a horse, which, together with two other skeletons of horses found many years ago, has, through the anatomical skill of one of the Members of the Academy, been carefully put together, and placed in one of the rooms. I have had the curiosity to examine the ‘tooth-marks’ of the most recent of these skeletons, and find that the animal was just five years old at the time of the destruction of the city. All these horses were small-sized, but of good shape, and of a type still common in Southern Italy.”



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PETERSBURG.



FORT MORGAN JUST AFTER THE SURRENDER, AUGUST 23, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE SLATER.]

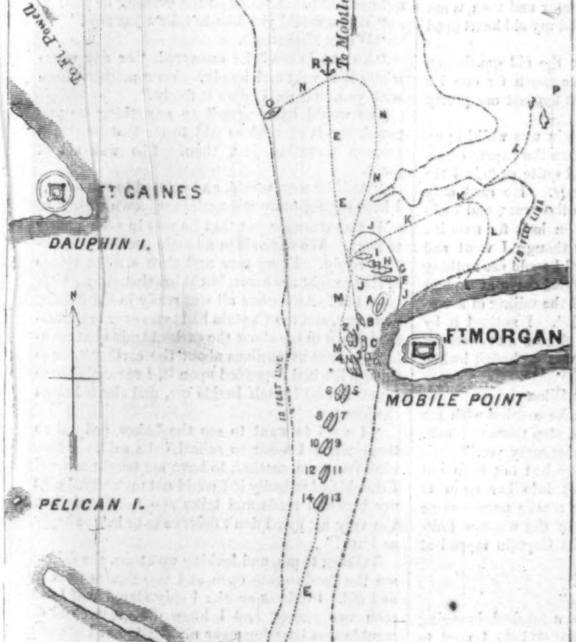
FARRAGUT OFF MOBILE.

WE give on this page sketches of Fort Morgan, the Light-house at Fort Morgan, the United States steamer *Brooklyn*, and the plan of the battle in Mobile Bay. The latter is official, as it is the plan which our artist drew for Admiral FARRAGUT.

The view of Fort Morgan dates just after its surrender. The principal feature of this sketch, as also of those representing the light-house and the *Brooklyn*, is the illustration given of the effects of the battle. If our ordnance wrought havoc in the fort and battered the sides of the light-house in the bombardment of August 22, the fire of Fort Morgan also, in the action on August 5, left its mark upon the vessels of our fleet. Of this the plan of the *Brooklyn*, given in the accompanying sketch, is a good illustration. The *Brooklyn* being the leading ship in the action of course suffered especially. She was struck fifty-nine times in hull, spars, and rigging. She was hulled thirty-five times, and her mainmast was shot through four times. She was also considerably cut up in the port-side. Some shot-holes are so situated as not to be shown. Admiral FARRAGUT, being on board of the *Brooklyn* a few days ago, remarked that he had never seen a ship so much cut up before. The other vessels were injured in proportion to their relative exposure.

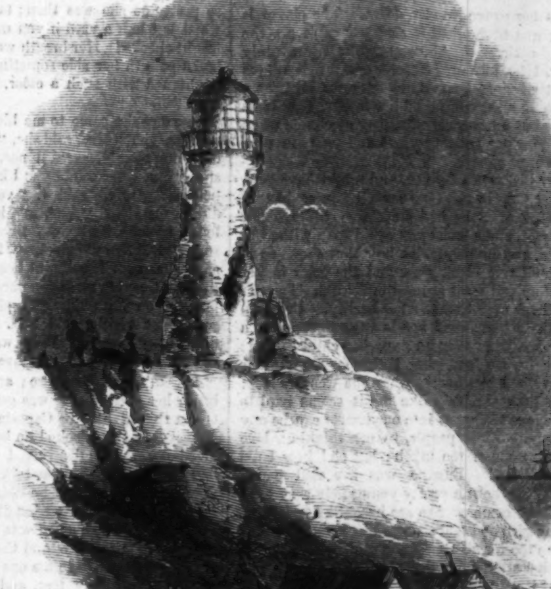
THE "BRANDYWINE."

WE give on page 620 a sketch by JAMES S. CONANT, illustrating the destruction of the receiving-ship *Brandywine* by fire at Norfolk Sept. 3, 1864. At 2½ A.M. the alarm was given by the guard to the officer on deck. In a short time the entire hold was a mass of flames. The decks were burned through in several places before the men could be got up with their hammocks. No lives were lost. The destruction of the ship was complete, and none of her stores were saved. The fire is supposed to have originated in some cotton waste brought down a few days previously by the *Newbern*. This combustible matter communicating with oil and turpentine needed only a spark to ignite, and once on fire it was impossible to save the vessel. The *Brandywine* was an old line-of-battle ship. She was the vessel which carried LAFAYETTE back to his native country on his second return. She was one of the relics of olden time, now rapidly passing away to give place to the new order of affairs. The loss to the Government, with the stores, amounts to over a million of dollars. There are rumors that the ship was set on fire by the crew, but these are without foundation. The fire broke out in the forehold, and as there was a vigilant guard it was no doubt an accident.

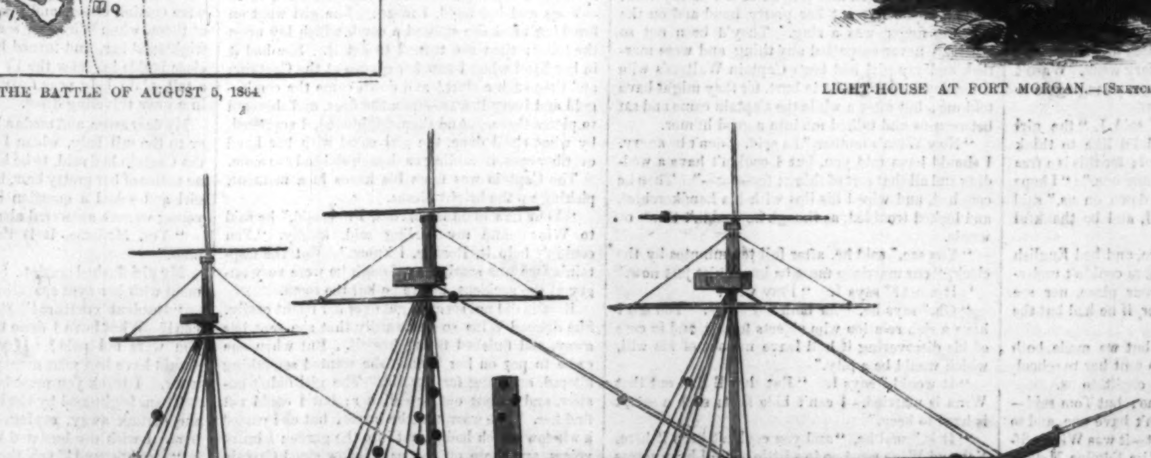


PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF AUGUST 5, 1864.

1. Brooklyn	Wooden Vessels.
2. Octorora	
3. Hartford	
4. Metacomet	
5. Richmond	
6. Port Royal	
7. Lackawanna	
8. Seminole	
9. Monongahela	
10. Kennebec	
11. Ossipee	
12. Itasca	
13. Oneida	
14. Galena	
A. Tecumseh, sunk by torpedo	Iron-clads.
B. Manhattan	
C. Winnebago	
D. Chickasaw	
E. Course of Union Fleet.	
F. Ram Tennessee	Rebel Vessels.
G. Morgan	
H. Gaines	
I. Selma	
J. Course of Ram.	
K. Retreat of Rebel Wooden Vessels.	
L. Morgan and Gaines's course toward Fort Morgan.	
M. Hartford turning out for Brooklyn to back.	
N. Course taken by Ram during second attack.	
O. Ram surrendered.	
P. Selma surrendered to Metacomet.	
Q. Formed line; read prayers.	
R. Union Fleet anchored.	



LIGHT-HOUSE AT FORT MORGAN.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE SLATER.]



THE "BROOKLYN," SHOWING THE SHOTS RECEIVED ON HER STARBOARD SIDE DURING THE ENGAGEMENT OF AUGUST 5, 1864.

PEACE.

[SUGGESTED BY MR. NAST'S PICTURE, "COMPROMISE WITH THE SOUTH."]

Is this your Peace? Lo! the traitor's tread
Is over the grave of our hallowed dead.

The patriot shrinks with a burning cheek
From his loathsome clasp, but dares not speak.

Our flag is dishonored, and rent, and torn;
Is made a by-word, a scoff, and a scorn.

The sword is broken, and Liberty weeps
O'er the blood-stained sod where her last hope sleeps.

The slave bends low again to his chain,
And looks to the North for help in vain;

While the air glows red with the lurid fire
That flames on the Nation's funeral pyre.

Well may ye gaze, with a crimson brow—
Is *this* such a blessing, think ye now?

Is Peace, when it comes in *such* a guise,
So fair that it dazzles your eager eyes?

Is it for this, with the rabble rout,
Ye strain your throats to raise the shout?

If so, pass on; ye were born for slaves,
Born but to fill dishonored graves.

If so, pass on; ye can have no part
In the great Nation's steadfast heart;

Pass on your way, it is not for you
To dwell 'mid the free-born and the true—

It is not for you to claim a share
When our shout of victory rends the air.

Pass on; it is meet that you should stand
With suppliant look and "cap in hand;"

Or, stooping, lay in the dust your mouth
At the feet of the despots of the South.

We, too, would have Peace; but it must be
When our flag shall float from sea to sea;

When its folds shall kiss the morning skies
Wherever our mountain peaks arise;

When there is no rood of our native sod
That can by a traitor's foot be trod;

When the winds that sweep from the Southern main
Shall bring to our ears no clank of chain;

But rivers and forests shall sing to the sea
The chiming anthems of the free.

WINA.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

THAT'S her grave yonder, Miss. The clover is so strong and high about it that you can't see the name, and perhaps— Ah, well! She was my only daughter, Miss, and such a pretty creature! Where she got her beauty I could not tell; for I'd been a plain woman all my life, and her father, God bless him! was but a hard-working, poor mechanic when we married, after waiting years and years in vain hopes of better times.

But our girl was a beauty, and might have been the richest lady in the land for all you could tell looking at her. She had such wee white hands and tiny feet, and a waist you could span with your two hands, and pretty golden hair that shone so in the sun, and soft black eyes, and the color in her cheeks came and went as the dimples did. 'Twasn't only mother's eyes that saw her beauty. I've seen folks turn to look after her in the street many a time, Miss. We never had another child to live; and, perhaps, we loved her better for that. Our minister says I lost her because she was my idol; but to a poor old body like me it seems hard to think the love God puts into our hearts can be any way wrong. Most people, to my thinking, love too little instead of too much; but oh! how I did love my Wina! Edwina was her real name. When she was born a pretty young lady that I did fine work for came over to see her. She took a notion to my girl, and said she was like herself. "And handsome too for all that," she said, with a laugh. "Name her after me, and she shall have a present." I thought it a fine name, though a long one. When Tom made that objection, I said we'll call her Wina. So she was christened Sunday a fortnight, in the church, Edwina; and Miss Edwina Mallow sent her over a handsome robe, and a piece of flannel, and coral loops for her sleeves, that very week. Wasn't I proud of my [illegible] It makes me young again to think of it.

I said to my Tom: "Tom," said I, "the girl must have some education: and I'd like to think she was behind nobody in the land; for this is a free country, and my girl may marry any one." "I hope she'll not marry so as to look down on us," said Tom. "Keep your place, say I, and be thankful for it."

You see Tom was English-born, and had English ideas; but I being brought up here couldn't understand his notions of keeping your place, nor see why one wasn't as good as t'other, if he had but the money.

Money we hadn't to lay by; but we made both ends meet, and as Wina grew we sent her to school, and she learned well, and was a credit to us.

I wanted her to study the piano; but Tom said—and he was right—that we couldn't have one, and so where was the good? That night—it was Wina's fifteenth birth-day I remember—Miss Edwina Mallow came over. She brought a ribbon for Wina and some work for me. She was going to be married, and to go away somewhere across the ocean with her husband, who was a foreigner, and scarcely spoke English to be understood. Though she knew his language, I believe; and I had made most of her wedding things except her dress. She wasn't young by that time—quite thirty, I should say; but she was a handsome lady, and they all said Wina looked like her. She kissed my girl, and joked with her about being married herself soon; and I told her how sorry I was that Wina couldn't learn to play. "Her father would have her taught," I said; "but she couldn't practice—we'll never have a piano." Miss Mallow gave a little sigh. "No one will touch mine when I'm gone," she said. "Mother will miss it. I tell you what, Mrs. Brent, Wina may go there and practice. Mother will let her do it for my sake; and she likes Wina very much also, and would be glad to oblige her." That put an end to all difficulties, and my Tom let Wina take lessons; and when she was sixteen our girl was something to be proud of. She could sing and play and dance, and dressed so beautifully, cutting all her things herself; and such a waist as she had! I'd laced her nicely all her life, for I wanted her to be genteel in all matters. Poor Tom used to scold—men will be queer about those things, you know. Ah dear! he died that year at Christmas time; and it almost broke my heart, for he'd been good to me, and I had never said an angry word to him. The first thing I took any comfort in was seeing how well Wina looked in black.

By that time Tom had bought our little house, paying for it bit by bit, you know; and I could work and so could Wina. She made dresses and bonnets, and the two empty rooms on the second floor I furnished as well as I could, and put out a bill that they were to let to single gentlemen.

I thought, Lord help me! that my Wina might make a match that way as Burridge's daughter did; but I said nothing to her. The bill had been up three days when, after tea, there came a rap at the door; and when I opened it there stood a handsome soldierly gentleman, who asked about the rooms and went up to see them.

He liked them very well, or said he did, and made no difficulty about the terms. But wanted breakfast. He paid well, so I agreed, and could hardly wait until he was gone to tell Wina. She, poor thing! was pleased and half frightened; and we sat up all night finishing a blue dress for Wina to wear next day, she looked so well in blue.

Captain Walters—that was his name, and he was dark, and had such lovely whiskers. I never saw any one so handsome or so stylish out of a fashion-plate, and that's the truth. He admired Wina, as I knew he would, and I watched and waited. I was so proud and pleased with what I thought I saw.

Now and then I wondered how he came to fancy such a plain place as ours; for he had a great deal of money, gold by the handful and rolls of bank-notes, and he gave Wina so many presents—jewelry, and books, and flowers, and his own miniature. It was a regular courtship before he had been there six months. Respectful to me he was too, plain, uneducated body though I knew myself to be, and if they were a little sly or so, and now and then I caught him kissing her, or his arm about her waist, why, poor young thing! how could I scold her? Lovers always do so. I think I never saw any one so pretty as she was then; tall and fair, and her waist but half a yard if you measured it, and such bright cheeks! Her breath was very short, and she had a pain in her side sometimes; but I was never frightened with such a color, I knew she must be well.

One day she came to me blushing and beautiful, and she said, "Ma," said she, "I'll tell you a secret, only don't scold." "I'll not, pet," said I. Says she, "Ma, I never told you I knew Captain Walters before." "No," said I, "you didn't." "But I did," says she. "And, ma, he only came here to lodge because he knew *I* lived here. He told me so." "But how did you know him?" says I. "Oh," says she, with her bright head down on my knee, so that I couldn't see her face, "when I went to practice on Miss Edwina's piano. He was there sometimes visiting old Mrs. Mallow. She called him Harry—and—and—he walked home with me twice when it was dark. Are you angry, ma?"

I wasn't, and I said so; and she went away to brush her curls, for he was going to take her to the Opera that night—the Captain I mean—I know the richest lady there looked no better. I could see he loved my darling dearly. I was so sure of that, I believe it still. You may talk and deceive, but your eyes can't lie. And if he didn't speak as soon as I thought he would, why what did I know? Fine people have fine ways, and I was but a poor mechanic's wife and didn't understand them.

At last she came to me one night all blushes, and knelt down at my feet, and cried and trembled. And when I begged and prayed of her to say what ailed her, she put out her pretty hand and on the wedding finger was a ring. They'd been out so quietly I never suspected any thing, and were married, and my girl had been Captain Walters's wife three days. I felt a little hurt, for they might have told me; but after a while the Captain came and sat between us and talked me into a good humor.

"Now Wina's mother," he said, "don't be angry. I should have told you, but I couldn't have a wedding and all that sort of thing; for—for—" Then he coughed, and wiped his lips with his handkerchief, and looked troubled, as though he couldn't think of words.

"You see," said he, after full ten minutes by the clock, "our marriage must be kept quiet just now."

"It must?" says I. "Pray why?"

"Oh," says he, "for both our sakes. You see I have a rich relation who objects to this, and in case of his discovering it he'd leave me out of his will, which would be a pity."

"It would," says I. "But they'll find out that Wina is married. I can't hide that; such a secret is hard to keep."

"It is," said he, "and you couldn't keep it here. You and Wina must go to a little house I have across the river and quite out of the way, and I will join you there. You can make some excuse for going, don't say where, and for a month or two we'll live quietly. No one will know who we are up there."

Wina seemed contented, and I had no right to interfere. I thought, poor silly creature that I was, I had the certificate in my pocket, and she wore her wedding-ring. I told many a fib about our reasons for going, and sold the furniture, and let the house. And we went. Such a darling little cottage, with furniture I never saw out of a shop before! and birds, and flowers, and two black servants that spoke a foreign tongue, and a French maid! Think of my Wina having a maid to dress her hair and lace her! I forgot all about the secret before long; for I did not see any of the old neighbors, and the few we met called Wina Mrs. Walters, as she should be called. They were only folks we dealt with. The Captain said we would keep no company until that relative—the queer old Californian, who objected to Wina because she wasn't rich—should be out of the way. He was very ill; and that, the Captain said, was partly the reason he didn't like to vex him—besides the will.

I wanted it to be all over—and yet it seemed so wicked, though I didn't know him, to hope the poor old gentleman might die. Wina was very happy, though now and then the Captain was obliged to be away whole weeks together—watching with his sick relation, he said. He lingered a great while for any one as bad as he was; and at last the Captain said he seemed to be getting better. I did so long for the time to come when I might go back and visit all the old people I knew, and tell them what a match Wina had made! He never would let either of us go to New York—or, for the matter of that, much beyond the garden gates if he knew it. And so six months passed, and the time came when we began to stitch at fine work again, as though for our living. Such little things, my dear, and we covered them with embroidery. The Captain sent pieces of the finest cambric down.

About that time the French maid left us. She was going to be married. Her sweet-heart had come over from France to find her; and as she took her leave she said she knew a young woman, a friend of hers from her own country, who wanted a place like that. She could dress hair, and do all she did, she told us in her broken English, and had been dismissed only because the lady was going to Europe, and she did not want to travel.

Wina asked the Captain, as she always did, and he said, "Suit yourself, my dear;" and the maid came down next day. She was a tall young woman, with a determined face and sharp black eyes. I never liked her, I hardly knew why. She took airs over me, as though she knew I had not lived in style, though she was respectful enough to Wina. The Captain was away when she came, and he had written to us that his uncle was very ill indeed, and that he must stay until all was over; so she did not see him for more than a fortnight. He returned in the night unexpectedly, and the first words he said were, "Our troubles are almost over, little dear!" and then he kissed her.

I heard them talking softly for hours; while I sat in my own room too full of the pride I'd take in telling my story to Mrs. Mallow and the Burridges at our place to go to bed; and now and then Wina would laugh—so merrily! It did my old heart good to hear her.

For though I felt quite sure the old gentleman must be dead, I couldn't grieve much for one I'd never seen, and who was so set against my pretty Edwina.

The next morning the Captain was walking up and down the garden hours before the papers came. He seemed eager for news, and quite snatched the *Herald* from the carrier's hands. He read only one line, and threw it down in the grass, and looked happier than I had seen him look for months. Something pleased him; but though I went and looked over the paper afterward I could see nothing except that the sheet was doubled down at a place where there was an account of the sailing of a vessel—the *Mariposa*, it was called. I noticed it by the queer name. As for the deaths and obituary notices, they were still folded up; he hadn't looked at them.

At breakfast-time he said to Wina:

"Darling, I want you to take a drive with me to-day. We'll go to S——, and stop there to lunch. You have not seen much of the scenery yet."

Wina looked pleased. They had not been out much together, and she went into her room to dress. Rosalie—that was the maid's name—came to dress her hair; and I sat by the window knitting. In a moment or so the Captain tapped at the door.

"May I come in?" he said.

And Wina answered, "Yes."

So he sauntered in—he had a careless, lounging way of walking that was very stylish, I used to think, and threw himself on a lounge behind them—Wina and her maid, I mean. The girl went on brushing until she needed a comb which lay upon the toilet; then she turned to get it. She had it in her hand when I saw her glance at the Captain; and then such a start! and down came the comb—gold and ivory it was—upon the floor, and shivered to pieces there. And then, frightened, I supposed, by what she'd done, the girl stood with her hand over her eyes, trembling as though she had the ague.

The Captain was upon his knees in a moment, picking up the bright pieces.

"Your new maid is nervous, I'm afraid," he said to Wina; and my darling said, kindly, "You couldn't help it, Rosalie, I know." But the Captain's face was scarlet, as though he were very angry at the accident, before he left the room.

Rosalie did not seem to get over her fright easily. She dressed Wina so awkwardly that she sent her away, and finished fixing herself. But when she came to put on her bonnet she wanted something altered, and rang for Rosalie. The girl didn't answer, and I went out to call her; but I could not find her. She wasn't in the house; but as I passed a window which looked out into the garden I heard voices, and there on the path below stood Captain Walters and the maid.

They were both excited; but he seemed to be keeping down his fright or anger, or both, while she gave way to hers.

The first words I heard were these, and he said them:

"Rosalie, be sensible. I'll double your wages. You'll find it to your interest, indeed you will; only hold your tongue, and stay."

The French girl stamped her foot.

"Stay! I am not so bad as you!" she cried. "I shall go, Monsieur, and *garde-vous*."

"I'm not afraid," he said. "The *Mariposa* sailed yesterday. Come, you'll lose a good place, and it's too late. Am I the first young fellow who—who wanted to shake off the leading-strings?"

"A good place!" the girl hissed between her teeth. "I have regard for my character, and I love my mistress. Hear you that? I *love* my mistress!"

"Come," he said, "no heroics. Here's a salve for a tenderer conscience than yours ever was, Rosalie." And I saw him put a dozen gold pieces into her hand. She flung them back as though they had stung her, and they hit him on his breast, and went jingling down upon the path and into the flower-beds among the roses.

And I fell a trembling, and sat down in a chair by the window quite faint. The Captain came in in a minute. He saw I had heard something, and he said:

"Provoking! That girl has lived with my uncle's wife. She'll let the cat out of the bag. An obstinate creature, beyond even a bribe."

"I thought your uncle was dead," said I.

"He may be by this time," said the Captain. "If not, he'll alter his will. Don't tell Wina; there's a good soul."

He looked as though he were telling lies. But it seemed likely enough, and he hurried Wina off to drive, and they were gone all day; and meanwhile the French girl packed some things in a basket, and left the house without a word to me. That was my first fright. The very first suspicions I ever had came into my head that day while I sat alone, and I could not tell why they came there except because it seemed so very odd that a girl, who had no personal interest in the matter, should dare to be so indignant because a gentleman had married against his uncle's will. Once I wondered whether (such things do happen, you know) he ever could have made love to the French girl, so that she was jealous.

I never had passed such a day. I'll believe in presentiments forever, for a great black cloud seemed to hover over the house all day, and I could only understand that danger and grief were hovering over my Wina, and that a blight was coming to her happy life. How I didn't see, but I was sure of it, though I kept saying to myself, "Silly old thing; why you're no better than a baby!"

They came home at tea time, and she was as merry as a child. They didn't mind me, and she sat on his knee on the porch, and sung to him. She had a grand piano in the parlor, but she never went near it that night.

Maybe it was my fancy, but I thought the Captain looked troubled at times when her eyes were not upon him. Late on in the evening he said,

"Wina, would you like to take a journey?"

"Where?" she said.

"To the Lakes," he answered, "or any where where it is wild and lonely. Your mother can go with you, and we'll enjoy it finely."

She would have agreed to any thing he proposed, but it seemed so odd to me that he should propose traveling just then. She was not fit for it.

"As if he were afraid, and wanted to run away," I kept saying to myself against my own will.

It was stranger yet that he was in such a hurry to start. We were all in a bustle packing and getting ready. Every now and then a great twinge of fear caught my heart, but Wina thought nothing, bless her! And when all was ready in the evening next day, and the Captain had gone over to the rail-road dépôt to see about the earliest train next morning—he was as anxious about the earliest train as though life had depended upon it, I remember—she came and sat herself beside me, and chatted about the journey.

"I used to want to see the Lakes, and sail on them when I went to school," she said. "How kind you were, mother, to have me taught so well! I should feel so badly if I could not understand what my husband reads and talks about. Oh, mother, I'm very happy; I don't deserve to be half so happy as I am!"

Talking to me, and looking up at me, she did not see the garden-gate open and two figures walk in as I did. I did not speak; I only stared as if I had seen two ghosts, and I knew the great cloud of trouble was bursting over my darling at last; and how I knew it He only knows who made me. They were coming closer, and I seemingly frozen staring at them, when Wina saw something in my face that frightened her, and turned her head. There stood close beside her now the French maid Rosalie, and a tall, plain lady near forty, I should say, dressed in a gray traveling dress.

My dear arose, and made a little welcoming courtesy to the tall lady, whom I took, thinking of what the Captain had said, to be his aunt. The lady took no notice of her pretty bow, but turned to the French girl and asked a question in a low voice, and the young woman answered aloud:

"Yes, Madame, it is the vile and wicked woman."

My girl flushed scarlet. She looked at the French maid with her eyes sparkling like diamonds.

"Insolent creature!" she cried. "How dare you!" What have I done to you? Is this because you were not paid? If you had asked me you should have had your money. I was out when you went. I think you must be—"

Then, frightened by the bold eyes of the woman, she shrunk away, saying, "I wish Charles were here. I wish my husband would come."

"Her husband!" said the Frenchwoman. "Listen, Madame. Had you sailed in the *Mariposa* you would have been far away by this time, and this wicked creature would have triumphed. Her husband, impertinent! This lady is Captain Charles Walters's wife."

"His wife!" My darling drew herself up indignant but not frightened, she trusted him so entirely. "You are mad," she said. "I do not know who you are, Madame. But I am Mrs. Walters, and my husband will never allow any one to insult me. He will be here soon. I am not unprotected, as you may think. I am not a child to be made to believe any foolish story. You are either an impostor or insane, but I am not afraid of you."

The strange lady looked at my dearest with her strange gray eyes, that seemed to pierce you through.

"I thought you very bad," she said. "Now I think that you may be better, and he worse than I believed. If you are married to him, he has deceived us both."

"If"—my darling uttered the word with a look I shall never forget—"if I am married! I wish he would come; I wish he would come. Mother, send that wicked woman away."

The tall lady looked at the French girl. "Rosalie," she said, "you were wrong; this lady is as much to be pitied as myself. The man who calls himself your husband, Captain Charles Walters, has been mine five years. I say it to my shame and to my sorrow. He is a scoundrel, a base, miserable villain."

My girl only clung closer to me—only said again, "Mother, send that wicked woman away;" and just then footsteps came up the path, and Captain Walters was among us.

Oh, I knew by his look, by his start, that she had spoken truly when she called him a villain.

My Wina stretched her arms toward him. She gave a little cry—"Charles, Charles, that wicked woman! Oh, tell me she does not speak the truth? I know it, but tell her so. Say she is mad, or an impostor. Send her away, Charles!"

But when she saw that he did not come toward her, that he stood like a whipped dog, the cur that he was, looking at both those women from under his black brows, my girl turned pale, and would have fallen had I not caught her in my old arms. Yet, sweet creature! she said again, in her fainting voice, trying to believe in him until the last, she loved him so:

"Oh, I know it is false, Charles! I know there is no word of truth in all the wicked story!"

I can't remember quite all. I was sick and giddy, and my heart was one great pain. Only I know the lady stood before him, reproaching him in such words that they must have burned into his soul.

And she said, "I knew long ago that you only married me for my money; but having that, was it not enough to neglect me without going so far as this, and making that girl suffer also? I do not blame her now. She only trusted in you as I did once."

He turned on her then, maddened, I suppose, by the knowledge that she had him in her power, and could punish him by the law. She had said something of that and of divorce, I know; and though my heart bled for my darling I could not help pitying her. It was not her fault, poor lady! that she was not handsome; and that he never loved her was shame to him. But he spoke as though it was, and these words I remember:

"Because of my debts and my poverty I sold myself to you; but I love this girl, and I have made her mine, and you shall not part us, for she loves me."

Then before I could stop him he had caught my Wina to his heart, fainting and cold as she was, and kissed her lips, and cheek, and forehead, and laid her back in my old arms, and was off and over the garden-paling and away in an instant.

Then I said to the tall lady,

"Go!—you have killed her! Let that satisfy you! She shall never see him again if I can help it—Go!"

And the tall lady bent down her head, the hair all streaked with gray before its time, and in a moment knelt there at my Wina's side.

"Oh, forgive me!" she said. "I am very miserable, and I thought you so guilty. He was my husband, and I loved him once!"

And with that she went away, and I heard her moaning, over and over again, "I loved him once! I loved him once!" like one quite dazed.

You didn't think she could live through it, did you? When a storm of hailstones comes, you know you'll find the slender flower-stems in your garden broken. That night, after twelve, there came a rap at the door of the room where I sat weeping, and I opened it. Captain Walters stood without, white and trembling. "Let me see her, mother!" he said. "Let me see her, and speak to her!" He could do no harm by looking; and as for speaking, my poor girl was in no danger of listening to him now. I opened the door of her room and beckoned to him, and he went in.

There she lay, white and still. I had dressed her in her wedding clothes, and all her golden hair was brushed and curled; and on her bosom lay the baby—a girl—that had no weary woman's life before it, and had only cried one minute—sixty seconds, instead of sixty years, like me. They were at rest together. He was very bad; but I can't forget the wild, awful cry he gave when he saw that sight.

"She is dead!—dead—dead—dead! That woman has killed her!"

"No, Captain Walters," I answered, "you have killed her; and you have used the poor plain lady worse even than my pretty darling!"

And I was so calm, you would not have thought my heart was breaking. I seemed frozen, soul and all. But he—down on the floor, tearing his hair, praying for her life, that was gone for good, poor lamb! blaspheming, weeping. Oh it was an awful sight!—an awful, awful thing to look upon and listen to!"

He staid there until the funeral was over; and near the grave, all through the service, a man stood watching him. When it was over he put his hand upon the Captain's shoulder, and unbuttoning his own coat showed something glittering on his breast. Then they walked away together, and I've never seen the Captain since.

Years and years I used to blame myself, thinking it was all my fault; for if I'd never been so proud of my girl, and had her taught to play, she'd never have met the Captain, and if I'd been wiser and more watchful she might not have married him. And the doctor told me too she never could have lived, for all that lacing had done her harm; and these old hands have drawn the laces tight many a time, I was so proud of her little waist—my beauty! But now I try to hope God will forgive me, as an old foolish thing that meant no harm, and only didn't know the right, and that I'll meet my Wina some day in heaven. And as I was telling you, Miss—as you'll see if you put back the clover—that was why we only put her pet name, Wina, on the stone there, and couldn't write after it, "Wife of Captain Charles Walters."

THE OCEAN WAIF.

BEAT the crested billows
  On the sunset shore,
Making voiceful music
  With their troubled roar.

Curls of wave are sporting
  O'er the gleaming sand,
Bearing ocean treasures
  To adorn the strand.

Corals from the sea-cave,
  Where the mermaid dwells;
Wreaths of twining sea-weed,
  Pearls and gleaming shells.

And the playful eddies
  Kiss the shore in glee:
But there comes a murmur
  Of sadness from the sea;

For a waif of ocean
  Hath been drifted there,
Bringing from the storm-ship
  Tidings of despair!

'Tis the mournful record
  Of a crew's farewell,
Written while the thunder
  Peal'd their parting knell.

Trembling fingers wrote it
  'Mid the tempest foam;
Tearful eyes will read it
  In the stricken home!

Loving winds have fann'd it
  O'er the restless tide—
May the pitying angel
  Travel by its side!

JOHN WAGGONER'S RECRUIT.

IF it's bragging, Sir, here goes for a brag! I'm going to put it in print.

I'm a plain man in most respects, but in one respect I *am* a little peculiar. In respect to keeping sober under circumstances that make other men drunk, I never met any man like me. The vicious monarch the Temperance Society is opposed to has no terrors for John Waggoner. I presume you may have heard of that fire-eating Southern chap—what *was* his name?—who used to boast in Washington before the war that he was "born insensible to fear." He must have been an awful booby, if he wasn't an awful liar—that's my opinion of *him*. Whether I was "born insensible" to fear of "King Alchy, the sarpent," I don't just remember. At any rate it's a fact that liquor can't fuddle me a bit—not a bit. But, bless your heart, *that* I never thought a bragging matter. I've got a swill-tub down at the farm that will hold more liquor than any man *I* ever saw.

When I was in the army I was a teetotaler on principle. Every man has his own bit of influence in this world, and I never wanted any comrade of mine to have it to say that he drank because John Waggoner drank. I don't believe whisky makes a soldier brave, even though it may make him reckless. A good soldier takes care of himself—that's my experience. He don't go to war to be killed; he goes to fight. Give the enemy fits, and look out for Number One all the same, is my motto.

If I don't hate a mean man I am not acquainted with my own sentiments. Since I was a boy it has always been a source of pleasure to me to kick a mean man—morally or physically—whenever the good Lord sent me a favorable opportunity. I've seen many mean men in my day. I have seen a man who was so mean that he abused his wife till she got a divorce from him, and then tried to get her to be his mistress. But in my humble opinion—I've been a soldier, Sir, and faced my country's foes under fire—there's no meaner style of man living than the fellow who tries to make dirty money by dealing in substitutes.

I read the papers pretty carefully, and don't skip the advertisements. I have got a deal of good out of advertisements at different times. Last week I read an advertisement of a substitute-broker named Miggs, in the city. Plenty others like him there were, to be sure; but my way of dealing with a swindle is to pick out one of the swindlers and give him a handling. I picked out Miggs, and went to town to see what the prospect might be for handling him.

The first man I met was Jo Smith, and I told him I'd got a little job to do, and wanted his help. Jo knows me.

"All right," says he. "What is it, John?"

"Do you know a chap named Miggs?"

"Substitute swindler?" says he.

"Yes. C. E. Miggs."

"Guess I do! He's been trying to get me to sell myself to him cheap."

"For a sub?"

"Yes."

"You don't say! Come, this is just the talk! Find me Miggs, will you? I'm a substitute."

"Poh! You ain't going to let any of these dirty sharks gobble you up and make a hundred dollars out of you. Are you, John?"

"He won't make *more* than that out of me, any how. All I ask of you is to set him on. Tell him to get me drunk, and I'm his man. I will be."

"Oh, I see! John, you're a good egg. Here's my hand."

He went straight off, and I waited on the corner for him. Pretty soon he came back with Miggs—a lean chap with sore eyes and a treble voice. He was dressed in a shiny broadcloth suit, and wore a blue vest with regulation buttons. *Our* buttons!—I could have knocked him down for that.

"Mr. Miggs," said Jo, "let me introduce my friend John Waggoner, from the country. I want you to show him the elephant, Miggs. Mr. Miggs knows the city like a book, John. He'll take care of you. Come 'round to my house to-morrow and I'll be more at leisure than I am to-day."

Jo went off, and left Miggs and I standing on the corner. He looked at me as much as to say, "You're my game, country!" *Oh, am I?* thought I; but I looked peaceful.

"Smith's a good fellow, ain't he?" piped Miggs.

"Yes," said I, "he's well enough; but he's too darned partic'lar for me. He won't never drink with a feller, and if there's any thing I like, it ain't tea—ha! ha! ha!"

"He! he! he!" squeaked the sore-eyed substituter, "that's a good one. Eh! But, I say—let's have something."

Broker had got his cue at once. He was going to get me drunk as fast as possible. No doubt his time was precious.

We drank. Broker took a very light nip, I noticed. I let him do it—that time.

I warmed up with my liquor wonderful quick, you understand; and as we went right off into another saloon and drank again, I took Miggs's glass when he had dribbled a little whisky into it, and said I,

"Look 'ere! That ain't the way you drink with your friends, is it, Miggs, old chap? Here, let me fill her up for you."

And I filled her up, and watched Miggs drink her, too. He tried to laugh it off, but he made a wry face over her.

"What do you think about the war, Mr. Waggoner?" said Miggs after that. He was for getting on to business.

"War's a big thing on ice," said I. "*Big* thing! Come up and take something."

We took something. I poured out for Miggs, who began to eye me anxiously. To encourage him, I said,

"Miggs—hic!—old boy, I b'lieve I can lick Deff Javis or any other man. I b'lieve you an' I could, anyhow."

"Of course you could," said Miggs, who began to feel perceptibly better. "I tell you what, Waggoner, I've half a notion to enlist myself."

"Bully f'you!" said I. "Come up and drink."

Miggs made a wry face again as I poured out his gin, but he had to drink it. After which he grew decidedly unsteady on his legs.

"Say, Migg—hic!—iggs," said I, "if you'll 'list for a Major-General, I'll 'list for a—hic!—high private. What say?"

"Do it!" said Miggs, and he hiccoughed in earnest. "Do it! Recruiting office right 'cross way here. Come over!"

"Le's drink first," said I; and that one did the business. Miggs was as drunk as a fool. I took him over to the recruiting office and enlisted him in Uncle Abraham's army.

I can testify that there is one mighty mean man wearing the army blue, and that man is John Waggoner's recruit.

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN LIBEY PRISON.

I WAS brought up to regard the celebration of Independence Day as the imperative duty of every American wherever he might on that day be. In my younger days, when enthusiasm flushed all my life, I exercised my prerogative in the very fullest degree, entering heart and soul into the spirit of the day, attending always the inevitable militia muster, and spending my few dimes in the purchase of enjoyments inseparable from the occasion; namely, small beer, cakes, and the choicest peppermints. In later years I did not depart from the earlier practice; and when, on the Fourth of July, 1863, I found myself, a loyal Union soldier, in Libey Prison, I was more determined than ever to properly commemorate the event which gave us the nation that traitors are trying to destroy.

There were some hundreds of us in that Castle of Despair when that anniversary of our Independence dawned upon our torn and bleeding land. Many of us had been there for weeks, and had grown sadly weary of the dreadful monotony of our prison-life. What could better relieve that monotony than a genuine old-fashioned celebration? The proposal once made found a hundred backers. Every man seemed to feel that it would be a just retribution upon our oppressors thus to hurl defiance in their very faces, and preach the gospel of Liberty right in their strong-holds. We were not long in making our preparations. Speakers were selected, a reader procured, and every thing arranged, when suddenly it occurred to us that we had no flag! That was for a time a terrible damper to our enthusiasm. Who ever heard of a Fourth of July celebration without a flag? You might as well attempt to have a wedding without a bride as to commemorate Independence Day without the Stars and Stripes to illuminate it! We must have a flag. But where to get it—that was a difficulty not easily overcome. One of the men suggested that we could borrow one from the rebels; they had several about the building, all hanging upside down; but the suggestion was not seconded. We wouldn't ask even the loan of a flag from traitors who were doing all in their power to blot out its stars. Our perplexity was for a time, as you may conceive, very great; but Yankee ingenuity brought us relief at last. One of the men, we found, had a blue shirt, which, a white one being also found, he promptly gave up; these we tore into strips, and so manufactured a flag—a rough one, to be sure, but one that symbolized, nevertheless, the national colors under which we had fought. The field was blue; the stripes and stars were white; we had only to think of the battle-fields from which we had come to fancy there was more of red than of either.

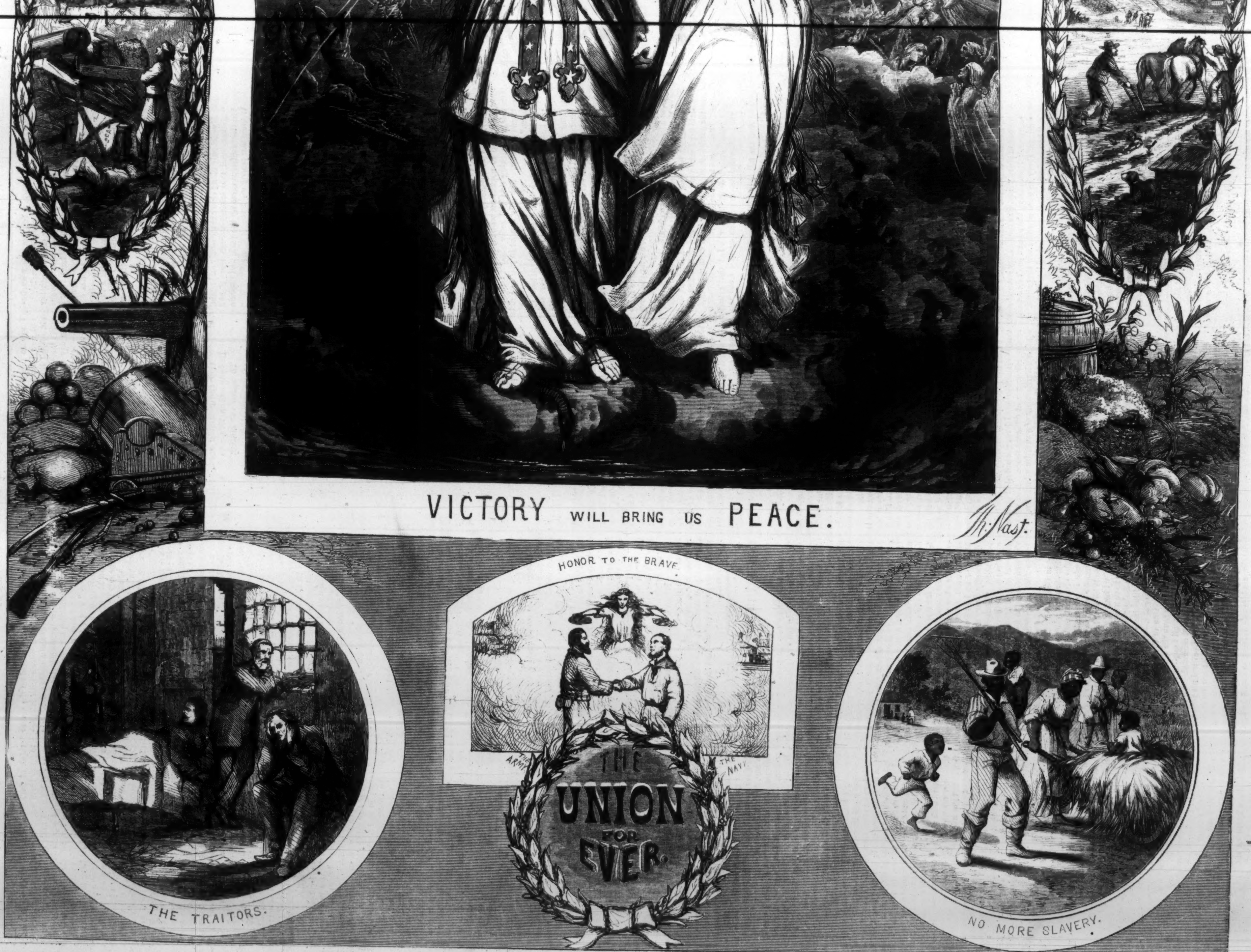
At last we were ready to hang our flag. So all the men, except Chaplain M'Cabe, Captain Reed, myself, and two others, left the room while it was elevated to its position. We wanted to put it high up the wall so that it would hang in graceful folds over the chairman's head. It was a difficult thing to do, but Captain Reed accomplished it; he was one of Grant's Western boys, and you know Grant's men go just where they please. Well, when the flag was hung we opened the doors and called in the men. You should have seen them as they came in—their faces were like pictures. As each entered his eye caught the flag. It was not merely a glance; a deep look of affection shone out from every eye and flushed every face, even the saddest and the palest. Holy memories thronged upon them and upon us all as we looked upon that poor resemblance of our country's flag—memories of battles fought and victories won under its streaming folds; of sufferings, sacrifices, wounds, imprisonments suffered for its sake; of comrades fallen never to rise at any morning-call again. We needed many things in that day of misfortune; but there wasn't any thing for which we could have more devoutly thanked God than for the sight of the dear old flag, and the recollections it awakened as we stood there with faces upturned and radiant.

Presently, every thing having been arranged, the exercises commenced. First there was a prayer then the Declaration was read from an old defaced copy; and then the chairman of our prison organization delivered an address, cautioning us first not to applaud if any thing pleased us lest the guard might come in and interrupt us. It was hard, as the brave young fellow—he was a Massachusetts Captain, only twenty-five years of age, and had fought gallantly on many fields—it was hard as he talked to us of duty, of the value of our imperiled Union, of the glorious future which awaited it if this rebellion should be put down, not to give expression to our feelings in vehement demonstrations but prudence required that it should be so, and we refrained. With all our care and caution, however, we did not escape detection. Probably our unusual quiet had something suspicious in it; at any rate, just as the chairman closed his address a rebel officer appeared, and, looking around the room, announced, "By order of the Colonel commanding this fuss must be stopped." That was nothing more than we expected; but some of us were not disposed to submit in silence. Colonel Streight—you have heard of him—stepped up to the rebel officer, and in a voice that had something of a crisp defiance in it, "Do I understand you to say that we can't celebrate the Fourth of July here?" "Yes; you can't do it," he answered. "They ain't been celebratin' the Fourth of July down here for a long time; in South Carolina it hain't been heard of since 1832." We knew that before; they don't like to read the old Declaration of Independence in the present condition of their society—it would put odd notions into the heads of their slaves, and, maybe, produce uncomfortable results.

Of course, we saw that we were going to have trouble. For a minute or two nothing more was said; then the rebel, looking up, saw our flag; and I think I never saw a man look at a flag so long and intently as he did at that. It seemed as if he couldn't take his eyes from it; probably some thought of the crime he had committed in fighting against the cause of which it was the symbol kept his gaze riveted there. But he found voice at last to say, "That flag must come down." You can imagine how that command deepened our indignation. A soldier of Grant's army, captured in Mississippi, rose quick as thought, and with his face pale with rage, eyes blood-shot, and lips firmly set, approached the rebel: "Let any man touch that flag if he dares," he said, in a voice stern as death. To me he was a hero, standing there royally in the face of near peril. There was the rebel officer, with a guard; a hundred bayonets were within call; the brave boy knew they would think no more of killing him where he stood than you would think of brushing a fly from your hand; but the thought did not even so much as ruffle his placid, resolute purpose. He didn't expect, of course, to keep the whole Southern Confederacy from tearing down the flag; but he did mean that none of us should do it, and had any one attempted it, he would have struck down the coward with swift and certain blows. Presently the officer repeated the command, "Take down that flag!" but not a soul of us moved; we feared that resolute fellow standing there with defiance on his face. A third time the command was given; and at last the rebel found it necessary to remove himself the offensive flag, which he did with great difficulty, every soul of us wishing as he clambered upward that he might—well, that he might fail to get down again in safety.

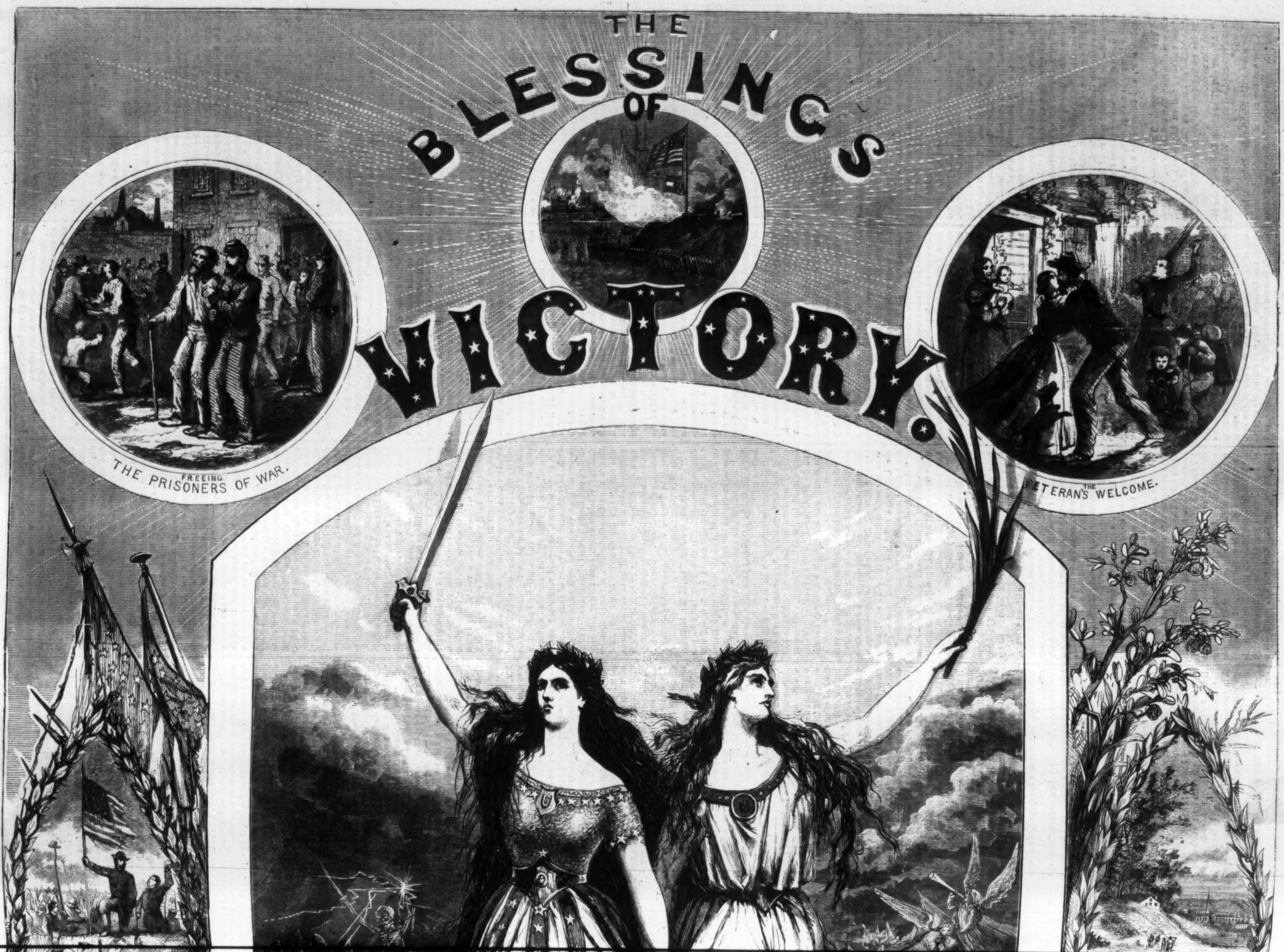
Our flag was gone. Should the celebration go on? That was the question which now arose, and that we debated for five mortal hours—in that time making enough spread-eagle speeches to serve a dozen New England villages, if equally distributed, on any ordinary Fourth of July.

A few days after that a friend of mine, living in Richmond, called at the Libey. I had heard that Vicksburg was taken, and asked him if it was true. He denied it, and went away, declaring *that* would never be. But a day or two after, Johnston's dispatches, announcing the fall of the strong-hold, were published, and gradually the glad news crept through our prison doors, filling us all with rejoicing. One day a rebel officer came in. We asked, "What day was it that Vicksburg surrendered?" "The Fourth of July," he answered. "What time of day was it?" He told us, and lo! it was just about the time our meeting was held; while the rebel officer was pulling down our flag, Grant was lifting up the starry banner over the roofs of Vicksburg! You should have heard us cheer as that fact dawned upon us; we saw that we hadn't had such a bad Fourth of July after all; and had the whole rebel army stood at the prison gates with shotted guns we would have cheered *then* for Grant and the Flag! May God guard it forever!



VICTORY WILL BRING US PEACE.

Th: Nast.
THE TRAITORS.
HONOR TO THE BRAVE.
ARMY
THE NAVY
THE UNION FOR EVER.
NO MORE SLAVERY.


THE BLESSINGS OF VICTORY.
FREEING THE PRISONERS OF WAR.
THE VETERAN'S WELCOME.

QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLVII.

RANELAGH WITH THE LIGHTS OUT.

IT was close on one o'clock in the morning, after the countess had gone to supper with her friends, that Lily had packed up such of her tyrant's effects as she ordinarily took home with her, and was ready to go home herself.

She knew the way to the Gardens, and from the Gardens, just as an imprisoned antelope in a menagerie may know its inner lair and its outer paddock, and the bars where the sight-seers stand to give it crumbs of cake. Beyond this there was a vasty void, only there was no visitors at the grate to give cakes to Lily.

They lived in a front parlor and bedroom, in a little one-story house in a by-street, close to the river-side. There was a scrap of garden in front, full of very big oleanders and sunflowers. The brass plate, too, which proclaimed that here was an academy for young ladies and gentlemen by Mr. Kafooze, seemed nearly as big as the little green door to which it was screwed. It was a tidy little house, in a tidy little street; only, as all the inhabitants did their washing at home, a smell, rather too strongly pronounced, of soap-suds and damp linen, and the wash-tub generally, hung about it, morning, noon, and night. All the little doors had big brass plates upon them. Mr. Kafooze's academy was flanked on one side by a lady who brought people into the world, and, when they had had enough of that ball, assisted them out of it, even to robbing them for their journey; and, on the other, by a distinguished foreigner from Oriental climes, who gave himself out simply as "Fung-yan, Chinese," as though the bare fact of that being his name and nation was amply sufficient to satisfy any purpose of legitimate curiosity. Fung-yan dressed in the European manner, and, unless he wore his pigtail underneath his coat, had even parted with that celestial appendage. His smooth, India-rubber face, twinkling black eyes, and eternal simper, had made him not unpopular with the fair sex. He had even contrived to court, in pigeon-English, the widow of a retired publican with a small annuity, and, to the great scandal of some of the more orthodox Christians of the district, Mrs. Biff, formerly of the King of Prussia, licensed to sell, etc., had become Mrs. Fung-yan. Fung, however, was married at the parish church; it is true that he was accused of burning fire-works and sacrificing half a bushel of periwinkles to his joss in the back garden on the first evening of his honey-moon; but he kept his head high, paid his way, and extorted respect from the neighborhood. Some said that he swept a crossing, in Chinese costume, for a living; others, that he went round the country swallowing molten sealing-wax, and producing globes full of gold fish from his stomach; a third party would have it that he assisted behind the counter of a tea-dealer in Leadenhall Street; while a fourth insisted that he was an interpreter at a water-side police-court. I think, myself, that Fung-yan was a stevedore down in the docks, where years before he had arrived, a rice-fed, pigtailed coolie on board an East Indiaman.

The night-watchman held his lantern up to Lily's face as she glided past him toward the water-gate of Ranelagh.

"Good-night, miss!"

"Good night, Mr. Buckleshaw!"

"Have my great-coat, miss? It's woundy cold. I sha'n't miss it."

"Thank you, no, Mr. Buckleshaw. I am well wrapped up. Good-night again."

"It's a sin and a shame to send that poor young gal home at all hours o' night," grumbled the night-watchman, who was an old soldier, and testy and kind-hearted, as old soldiers usually are. "It's a burning shame, and so it is. Them furriners don't seem to care a brass farden what becomes of their own flesh and blood. Such muck, too, as they live upon! The young gal ain't a furriner, though I wonder where that she-devil, who's sending the people crazy with her rough-riding, got hold of her. Well, it ain't no business of mine." And the night-watchman lighted another pipe, and addressed himself once more to the not very interesting task of crunching, with heavy footsteps, the frozen gravel.

The policemen on the beat knew Lily quite well, and more than one cheery "Good-night, miss!" greeted her on her way homeward. There was one gallant constable who, when he happened to be on night-duty, always insisted on seeing her to the corner of her street, which happened to be within the limits of his beat. While thus occupied—for Lily could not repel him, he was so civil and obliging—they passed the great inspector himself, in a short cape, and carrying a bamboo cane, and followed by a discreet sergeant.

The inspector stopped. The discreet sergeant, who was of a somewhat suspicious nature, turned his bull's-eye full on Lily, shook his head, and whistled as loudly as the rules of discipline and his respect for his superior officer would permit him to do.

"At your old tricks again, Drippan," the inspector remarked, severely. "Who is this young woman?"

Lily was terribly frightened. Drippan, however, who was the gallant constable, hastened to explain. Fortunately the inspector had on more than one occasion patronized Ranelagh with his wife and family, and had seen Lily waiting for Madame Ernestine at the stage-door of the circus. He was quite satisfied with Constable Drippan's tale, and was even good enough to tell Lily that, if she liked, a constable should escort her, so far as the boundaries of his beat permitted, toward her home every night.

The next time Mr. Drippan met her he cleared up the mystery of the inspector's severity at their first meeting.

"Hi've got henemies, miss," he explained, "henemies has his sworn to 'ave my 'art's-blood, let alone rewenging my good name, and reporting on me at the station when I ain't done nothin'. I should be Hinspector Drippan but for those henemies."

Lily said she was very sorry.

"Well you may be," pursued this victim of malevolence. "I've been druv from beat to beat in a way that's hawful. The minds of sergeants 'ave bin pisoned agin me, and I've been put hunder stoppages for nothink at all."

Lily told him she was very grieved, but was still somewhat puzzled to learn what his sorrow really was.

"I 'ave bin," he continued, in a dark whisper, "a perliceman in Grosvenor Square. I was huniversally respected and moved in the fust families. It was hall halong of a puffidious nussmaid as kep' company with a Fiend in Human Shape in the Life-Guards. She split on me, and the cook—which had bin there seven year—lost her sitiwation. Vy did the hinspector 'ave me up before the commissioners and play old Gooseberry with me? Because he were jealous. Because I had put his nose outer joint. Ha!"

He paused, as though for sympathy, but Lily, not knowing precisely what to say, went on.

"They're hall agin me. It's hall known at 'ed-quarters, and they'd as soon promote the fireman's dog as me. Hi ham a parayur among my brother hofficers. Do I drink? Did Hi hever do the doss when on duty? Let 'em prove their words. They ses I runs arter the gals. My 'art is blighted. They've sent me down to this jolly old South Lambeth, where there's nothink but cads, costermongers, and fried fish. Hi ham treated in the most exasperatin' way, and hif this sort o' thing's to go on, Hi'm blowed hif Hi don't write to the *Weekly Dispatch*."

I am ashamed to confess that little Lily—who, having had her own peines de cœur, should have learned sympathy for another's woe—was not very forcibly impressed by this lamentable tale. I am afraid, indeed, that she was once or twice very near laughing. Poor soul! it was but little matter for mirth she had now. The gallant but unfortunate Drippan did not fail to mark her culpable indifference. From that night he offered to escort her no more; nay, once meeting her at her own street corner he pretended not to know her, and even murmured, in muffled tone, the injurious words, "Move on!" But Lily often met the inspector, and he had always a kind word for her.

She dared not go to bed, this night of the supper, until her tyrant came home, and when she had lighted a candle and unpacked the bundle she had brought from Ranelagh, sat down in the little parlor to read. A Sunday newspaper was the only literary matter at hand, and she had read it through at least twice before since the beginning of the week; but she addressed herself again, and most industriously, to its perusal, going through all the advertisements of the splendid corner public houses, the snug little free beer-shops, the eligible openings in the chandlery line, the unequaled tobacconists', stationery, and Berlin wool businesses for sale, wondering whether they all found purchasers, and whether it took six months or twelve for their lucky purchasers to realize large fortunes. And then she attacked the page devoted to theatricals, and read how Ranelagh was nightly the resort of the highest rank and fashion; how the experiment of a winter season had been a complete success, and how Mr. M'Variety was gaining golden opinions from all sorts of people. What were golden opinions, Lily wondered—money? If that were so it was strange, for Mr. M'Variety was always grumbling to the countess about the money he was losing. Then Lily went on to read about the countess herself. How Madame Ernestine was the cynosure of all eyes. How her youth, her beauty, her grace and agility were the delight of thousands, and how she had created, in the high school of horsemanship, a position in which she might have many imitators but few compeers. A brief biography of the gifted equestrian followed this glowing criticism. Lily learned, to her astonishment, that the countess was of Spanish extraction—of a noble Andalusian family, indeed; that her mother (in the land of the dark mantilla and the bewitching cachuca) was known as the Pearl of Seville; but that reverses of fortune had forced her papa to adopt the lowly but still honorable profession of a matador. Educated in the Terpsichorean department of the Conservatory at Milan, the countess had been instructed in the mysteries of the high school of horsemanship by an Arab sheik, assisted by the Master of the Horse to the Emperor of Austria. Her stud comprised an Andalusian barb, an Estremaduran jennet, a thorough-bred Arab from the Sahara, and a Persian filly from Tiflis. She had been married in early life to an English gentleman of high rank and vast wealth; but the union had not proved a happy one, and the gifted and beauteous Madame Ernestine was now a widow. She had gone through a series of the most startling and romantic adventures, and had received costly presents, mostly consisting of diamonds, from the majority of the sovereigns of Europe. She was eminently accomplished, being a mistress of five languages, and a skillful dancer, painter, and modeler of wax flowers. In age she might be bordering on her twenty-seventh year. Lily could not help asking herself, when she had come to the end of this astonishing narrative, whether it was all true—whether the countess was indeed the wonderful person they made her out to be, or whether newspapers were even addicted to the practice for which the girls at her school used to be punished: to wit, lying.

It must have been nearly two in the morning when the landlord, Mr. Kafooze, knocked at her door and asked if he might come in. The candle had a very long wick by this time, and Lily had laid down the imaginative newspaper and was nodding wearily. She started up at the landlord's voice and bade him enter.

Mr. Kafooze was a very little old man, with a white smooth poll very like a billiard-ball, and reddish eyes, and no perceptible teeth, and a weak piping voice. He dressed habitually in black, had a limp wisp of white kerchief round his neck, and was, perhaps, the last man in South Lambeth who wore knee-breeches, slack cotton hose, and plated buckles in his shoes. The small-clothes and buckles, added to his baldness, were of no small service to him among his neighbors. Parents liked to send their children to a school of which the master looked at once so very clerical and so very scholastic. Mr. Kafooze's academy was on the humblest scale. Some twenty little boys and girls used to come there every morning and afternoon, to all appearance for three purposes: to crack nuts, to munch apples, and to pinch one another. When the last nut was cracked, the last apple devoured, and the last pinch-extracted squeal uttered, school was dismissed. The pupils generally went home black and blue, so far as their arms were concerned, but not through any corporal chastisement inflicted by Mr. Kafooze. That placid old man had not so much as a half-penny cane in his academy. His assistant in the business of education was his niece, a hump-backed young person, with red hair, and a firmament of freckles on her countenance, who reveled in the somewhat exceptional name of Rhodope, who passed the major portion of her time either in endeavoring to mollify the bunions with which she was troubled, or in relating ghost stories (of which she had a vast stock) in an under-tone to the three senior pupils. Mr. Kafooze sat apart at a little desk, and when the scholars were unusually noisy, would tell them mildly that they were "worse than bluebottles." He was generally intent on the contemplation of a celestial globe, and when he had (as it seemed, being short-sighted) smelt at this orb for many minutes, he would rush away to his desk, bury his nose in a quire of foolscap, and cover at least two pages with blots, scrawls, dashes, and hieroglyphical characters of strange design. Whence arose, even among Mr. Kafooze's most friendly critics, a rumor that he was engaged in the discovery of the perpetual motion, to be accomplished by means of clock-work and balloons, and that he had, in furtherance of his scientific ends, entered into a compact with the Evil One. But every body agreed that "he knew a deal," and was exceedingly genteel in his manners.

"It's only me, my dear," piped Mr. Kafooze, entering the parlor with a little lamp in one hand. With the disengaged hand, which was so thin and shriveled as to be well-nigh transparent, he shaded the light from Lily.

"You watch late to-night," he resumed, in his weak treble. "Hasn't your mamma come home yet?"

"Madame is supping with some friends," Lily answered, quietly. "Madame" was a discreet compromise into the use of which she had been drilled by the Wild Woman. "Dare to call me any thing else, and I will skin you alive, you viper," was her amiable warning to her dependent.

"Ah! it's no business of mine. She's a very good lodger, when she's in a good temper, and has every right to her latch-key. I hope she's enjoying herself. What a famous schoolmistress your mamma would make? Ah! she'd make the little ones mind, I'll warrant you. They don't mind me a bit, nor my niece Rhodope."

"But you, Mr. Kafooze," said Lily, who was accustomed to the little old man, who often came in at night for a quiet gossip, "you are up very late too."

"Oh! I, my dear young lady, I'm always up late. It's my way. I've so much to do. I sit up with the stars."

Lily thought Mr. Kafooze's fellow-watchers were most delightful company, and told him, almost enthusiastically, that she loved to sit up and look at the stars.

"Ah! that isn't it exactly," rejoined Mr. Kafooze, shaking his head, and with a half sigh. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, and all that sort of thing. I read the stars, my dear, and have come to know them. Deary me! but there's a deal more to be learned about them," he added, with another sigh.

"And what do they tell you, Mr. Kafooze?" asked Lily.

"A deal that's good, and a deal that's bad, my dear," the star-gazer replied. "They tell me little that's worth knowing about myself, however. If the stars would be good enough to inform me how it is that I can't earn more than two pounds a week, I'd be obliged to them, that's all. The stars, my dear, I can tell you in confidence, have been my stumbling-blocks all through life. My father turned me out of doors, and cut me off—not with a shilling, but without one—all owing to the stars. I attribute my failure in the haberdashery line in the year 'twenty-three entirely to the stars. I published a 'Voice from the Stars' in the shape of an almanac for three years running, and lost a very pretty penny by it. And now I've come down to what you see. But I trust in the stars as firmly as ever; and indeed my motive in looking in upon you to-night was to ask you whether you could tell me what star your mamma was born under. I shouldn't like to ask her myself, for you see she has rather a quick temper."

"I am sure I don't know, Mr. Kafooze," replied Lily, "but I will ask her if you like."

"For goodness' sake don't, my dear young lady," Mr. Kafooze interposed, hastily. "She's a remarkable woman, is your mamma, and she might do something dreadful if you were inquisitive about her affairs. I thought that perhaps she might have mentioned something to you incidentally about the stars."

"I do not know, Mr. Kafooze," said Lily, very sadly, who felt somehow impelled to place confidence in the little bald-headed schoolmaster, "whether she is my mamma or not. One day she tells me she is; but the next she denies it, and forbids me to call her any thing but Madame. I know that she treats me very unkindly, and that I am very unhappy, Mr. Kafooze."

She buried her face in her hands. She could not help the confession. It was the first wail—the first outcry under cruel agony.

"Hush, hush!" piped the schoolmaster; "you mustn't cry, you mustn't fret, my dear. That would never do. You'll wake the lodger up—as worthy a young man as ever lived, and plays the trombone at Ranelagh for five-and-twenty shillings a week."

He sat down by her side on the little horse-hair sofa, and fell to chafing one of her little hands between his own parchment palms.

"Don't mind me," he quavered; "I'm old enough to be your great-grandfather. I'm seventy-two, but I don't fret now; I leave it all to the stars."

Lily dried her eyes, and admitted that she had been very foolish, and besought the schoolmaster not to tell Madame of what had passed.

"It is not that she strikes me," she explained. "She is always threatening, but she has seldom gone beyond a push, and has never gone so far as she did to-night when she menaced me with her horsewhip. But oh, Mr. Kafooze, she strikes me with her tongue—with her cruel, cruel tongue. Night and day she browbeats and insults me. What am I to do? You have seen me here. How am I to conciliate her? How have I offended her? Do I look, do I act, like a bad, wicked girl?"

"You are a little angel, my dear," quoth old Mr. Kafooze; "a dear, persecuted angel; but you must not fret. You must leave it to time and to the stars. They will make it all right. I won't say that they will avenge you; because vengeance does not belong to the stars."

Lily could only repeat that she was very unhappy—that she did every thing she could to please her hard task mistress, and that it was not her fault.

"It's nobody's fault, my dear," urged the little schoolmaster. "Nobody but Destiny's. I've been fighting against Destiny for threescore years and ten, and she's had her heel upon me, and trampled me under foot many and many a time. But I'll get the best of her, and have her under *my* foot, the jade!" he concluded, clenching his bony hand, and in a most valorous pipe.

The sound of a key was heard turning in the door.

"That's your mamma," quoth he, hastily. "I wouldn't have her see me here for twenty pound. Good-night, my dear. Your mamma's got a destiny too; only I want to know more about her star before I can tell you what it is. I'm afraid it's a bad one." And Mr. Kafooze vanished.

Two persons came into the little parlor: one was the countess, flushed and radiant, the other was Thomas Tuttleshell, Esquire. That gentleman Lily had never before seen; but the countess had often spoken of him as a fellow who had been useful to her. She had decidedly but few surplus funds in the way of gratitude, our countess, and dispensed them very grudgingly.

She had torn off her mantle, had flung herself on to the sofa, and sat in her gay dress, fanning herself. Lily had seen her as hot and as excited after her performance in the French booth as the Wild Woman; but she seemed scarcely the same being now. She was different in mien, in voice, in gesture. She was transformed.

Thomas Tuttleshell had escorted her from supper, but whither afterward Lily knew not. It was certain that madame and her friends were not in the gardens when the girl left. Perhaps Sir William Long had still chambers where he could conjure up the image of his old parties. Perhaps Thomas knew of some quiet hotel in the neighborhood of St. James's, where, even after supper hours, guests who wished to talk, and smoke, and drink Champagne, were welcome.

"It's very late—very late, indeed," was the courteous remark of the countess to Thomas, as she flung away her fan, and gave a great yawn; "you had better go home."

"Much obliged to you," thus Thomas; "but allow me at least to apologize for keeping this pretty young lady, whom I presume to be your daughter, up to such a very unseemly hour. You see, miss, that your mamma—"

"*My servant* needs none of your apologies," the countess interrupted, with her old haughtiness. "If she complained of waiting up early or late, just as it suited my good-will and pleasure, I'd break every bone in her skin."*

"It would be a pity to hurt such pretty bones."

"Never mind whether they are ugly or pretty. They are none of yours. They are mine. Now, go away, there's a good man. I am tired to death."

"Allow me at least to light a cigar. It's deuced cold."

"I do not allow smoking in my apartments."

"By Jove, Ernestine," cried the usually placable Tom, losing all patience under these continual rebuffs, "you're very different now from what you were when I took you off the boards in France. Why, but for the few Louis that Italian fellow won at the trente et quarante, you wouldn't have had a shoe to your foot."

"I have nothing to do with what I was yesterday. It is enough for me to think of what I am to-day, and what I may be to-morrow." Spoken like a brave and consistent countess.

"At least," remonstrated Tom, "you might remember that I got you a good engagement, and, as an old friend, am at least entitled to a little consideration."

"A fig for your engagements," the woman cried, snapping her fingers; "a fig for the miserable ten pounds a week which your master, M'Variety, gives me. Dix livres sterling. Je me mouche avec ces gages-là!"

"You were glad enough to get them when I offered the engagement to you at Lyons, and lent you the money to come over to England."

"I might have been. It is so very long ago. In the century before last, I think. Chantez-moi quelque chose de nouveau."

"It was this very summer," grumbled Tom.

"A fig for last summer! a fig for my old friends. Je m'en fiche!" the woman cried. "I have found other old friends—and superb ones, too. I have been in the mud long enough. Now I am about to revenge myself."

"Then I suppose you don't want to see me any more. I wish you a very good-night." Tom was going away in dudgeon.

On the contrary, the countess condescended to explain, "I want to see you every day. You can be very useful to me, l'oncle Thomas. Allons, soyons amis, mon vieux. Tapez là."

She held out her hand in a scornful manner to Mr. Tuttleshell, who took it, and bowed, somewhat stiffly, for he was still but ill-pleased, and was going, when the countess started up and placed herself between him and the door.

"No, we are not going to part like that," she cried, half sarcastically, and half caressingly. "Pas de rancune, mon brave. You must continue to serve me. I want you here to-morrow morning. I want to talk to you before ces messieurs arrivent. Is not to-morrow—to-day, rather, I would say—Saturday? Have they not promised to so call? Am I not to dine with them, there being a relâche at the Gardens? Allons, donnez-moi la patte."

She had still, though haggard and ruddled, a cajoling kind of way about her which was not ineffective. Tom gave her his hand this time in perfect amity, and, promising to be with her again before noon, took his leave.

He had been slyly examining Lily while parleying with the countess. "By Jove! what a pretty little thing," quoth Thomas Tuttleshell, Esquire, as he put Mr. Kafooze's brass plate between himself and the parlor. "What a pity she should have such an old tigress for a mother! Clever woman, though. Fiendishly clever. In her day, superb. Sadly fallen off, though. I suppose the little one *is* her daughter. I wonder what Billy Long's game is. He's sown his wild oats; yet they're a sly lot, these swells: always up to something. He said to-night's meeting was as good as a thousand pounds to him. I wish he'd give me five hundred on account. Heigh-ho! C-a-b!" And Tom Tuttleshell hailed a four-wheeler, and was driven home to bed.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DREAMLAND.

It was a very long time since the girl had dreamed. How could she dream, she had no time. Her life had been wakeful, and hard, and cruel. She had been bedded on no soft pillow, dandled to sleep in no loving arms. Every one around her had been awake, and watchful to strike at her. Tranquil slumbers and bright visions she had just tasted of, here and there, and for a moment; but they had been rudely broken, and intervals of long years rolled between. Sometimes, as a quiet and not unhappy little child, the plaything of the school at Stockwell, she had dreamed, nestling in the soothing shadow of the Misses Bunnycastles' skirts. Then she had certainly dreamed for a whole afternoon at the Greenwich dinner, and for a whole day at Cutwig & Co.'s. A brief and blissful dream had been her sojourn at Madame de Kergolay's; but the waking up only seemed the ruder and more dreadful. Since she had groaned under the sway of the horrible woman, who, in her paint and out of her paint, on the boards and off the boards, was always wild, and capricious, and intolerable, she had forgotten what it was to dream, or rather she had been as one walking in her sleep, mobile, eyes wide open and unconscious. So she might have gone on, to find herself at last a dull, stupefied, apathetic drudge, too crushed and listless to be discontented. But this was not to be. A great change was fated to come over her. She was to dream again, and, for a time, delightfully.

The change began on the very morning after the notable supper of the countess with her old friends. She ceased suddenly to treat Lily in the same manner as heretofore. She was no longer brutal, sarcastic, impatient with her. She had her old temper our countess; but when she found that she was losing, or the rather, on the point of giving way to her temper, she would bite her lips, and stamp her foot, and crisp her fingers, until the fit had passed off. Her self-control was wonderful. Lily was astounded at it; and Mr. Kafooze, at first puzzled, was ultimately led to ascribe the alteration to the conjunction of some more favorable planets in the horoscope. The cardinal point in the mild, although somewhat muddled, philosophy of the little old schoolmaster was neither to praise nor to censure his fellow-creatures for any thing. If things went badly, he bowed to the fiat of the stars; and if they went well, he thanked the stars for it. Perhaps, all things considered, one might have a worse system of philosophy than the Kafoozian.

They had visitors in the humble little sitting-room the morrow of the supper. The curiosity of the street was all agog when the distinguished visitors arrived. They came in private carriages—in a Brougham and pair and a carbriolet. The tiger attached to the latter vehicle, a youth of rosy countenance and confident mien, descended into Mr. Kafooze's garden, plucked two roses, stuck one of the flowers in his horse's headstall, and another in his own button-hole, and then gave himself up to, whistling, not defiantly, but with an air of cheerful superiority to things in general, and South Lambeth in particular.

Fung-yan, Chinese, who happened to be at home at the time (he always returned at noon to lunch on liver and bacon, rice, and bottled stout), came out to his front door, and surveyed the scene with his never-failing simper, just as his three hundred million prototypes simper as they cross the bridge on the willow pattern plate, or parch tea-leaves in copper pans, surrounded by flowery gardens and curly pagodas, on the grocers' chests. Most of the inhabitants of the street, however, were of opinion that the visit had something to do with a projected railway, the proximate driving of which through their quiet street, and consequent demolition of their dwellings, kept them in a chronic state of apprehension; while two or three ladies of mature age shook their heads, and opined that it was no business of theirs, but that some people had no sense of what was right and proper, especially foreign horse-riders. It was enough to make decent Christian people—having paid rates and taxes for years, and brought up large families most respectable—believe the world was coming to an end, and to cause the bones of their (the Christian bodies') grand-parents to turn in their graves.

Meanwhile the visitors, quite unconscious of these conflicting criticisms, had made their way into the little parlor. School was just breaking up as they passed through the passage, and, during the hour of recreation, the juvenile scholars of Mr. Kafooze played with much zest at being a double-knock, at being a gentleman in a white hat, at being a gentleman with a gold-rimmed eye-glass, and, in particular, at being carriages and horses.

Lily had been hurried, but not unkindly, into the back bedroom when the double-knock announced the arrival of the illustrious party. They were five in number. They were the Pilgrims, plus one; and the additional person was Mr. M'Variety.

"What do you want here?" was the countess's agreeable salutation to her director (she could not be amiable to every body); "do you want to raise my salary?"

"Don't mind if I do," returned the enterprising manager. "You're certainly drawing. I wish every body else did as well; but the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, you remember, the Swedish Albino who used to do the Living Skeleton at Rosherville, and, as a child, was exhibited as the phenomenon with the words Princess Charlotte plainly visible on the pupil of one eye, and, on the other, Leopold of Sacobble—supposed to mean Saxe Coburg—from whom I expected great things, has turned out a regular swindle. The confounded idiot has had the measles; and now he's got over them, he's getting quite fat and good-looking."

The countess had only heard the first few words of his remarks. Long before the manager had finished she was engrossed by the conversation of her more aristocratic guests. How heartily she despised M'Variety in her secret self! What a vulgar, presuming, self-sufficient, under-bred fellow he was! But the rest? Ah, they were true gentlemen. How affable, and easy, and gracious was Milor Carlton! What a grand manner—and a kind one too, for all his dryness—had Sir William Long, Baronet! And Edgar Greyfaunt, the Sultan Greyfaunt, perfumed, and curled, and oiled, like a gorgeous potentate in Vathek, the sultan in a braided pelisse and a sealskin waistcoat. "Il a l'air grand seigneur, celui-là," she muttered. "C'est un lion pur sang. Il a un peu le ton Parisien. C'est peut-être un milord qui a flâné longtemps sur le Boulevard de Gand." And to Edgar she was especially gracious.

On Thomas Tuttleshell, even, she smiled; but she took occasion to whisper to him:

"You never came this morning, false man. So you still bear malice?"

"Not a bit," returned Thomas, in the same low tone; you gave me a deuce of a reception last night; snow-balls and red-hot flat-irons, by way of a change, were nothing to it. However, that's all over now. I would have come this morning, but we were up late, and I was tired to death." Although Thomas was one of the most obliging of mankind, he had a reasonable sense of what was due to his dignity, and did not like to make himself *too* cheap.

"As you please," the countess rejoined, turning away. "We will have our confidential talk another time." However nettled she might have been by Thomas's apparent neglect, she took care (for good reasons of her own, doubtless) not to show it then or there, and was studiously civil to him. "Messeigneurs," she continued, "can I offer you any thing? The wines of South Lambeth are, I am afraid, not of the premiers crûs—the first vintages; but, if you desired it, the neighborhood should be scoured to procure beverages worthy of you. Will you smoke, Messeigneurs? Illumine your cigars, by all means. I will not do you the injustice to suppose that I could offer you any so good as those which are in your cases."

The gentlemen hastened to disclaim any wish to resort to the deleterious practice she expressed herself willing to tolerate, and assured her that her conversation was already sufficiently delightful without any extraneous aids. By-and-by Sir William Long gently suggested that she had made them, overnight, a certain promise.

"Ah," she returned, with seeming carelessness, "I know—my little girl. I promised to introduce her to you, did I not? It was a venturesome pledge on my part. Vous êtes par trop mauvais sujets, mes nobles seigneurs. However, you shall see that I can keep my word. Do you really wish to see the child? She is but a little bit of a thing, and quite timid and awkward."

"If she is half as charming as her mamma," Lord Carlton observed, gallantly, "she must be charming indeed."

"Flatterer! How do you know that I am her mamma? Ai-je l'air d'une mère, moi?" The vain woman plumed herself as she spoke. She was really beginning to imagine that she was young again. "But you shall see her. Excuse me for a few moments, and I will present her to you. You are sure that I can not offer you any thing?"

"Don't think you can," put in plain-speaking Mr. M'Variety. "'Tisn't very likely these gents could drink the kind of stuff you would be likely to get from the public house at the corner. If I'd only thought of it, now, I'd have brought a bottle of Champagne in his lordship's carriage."

"With his lordship's permission," Mr. Tuttleshell gently hinted, in an under-tone.

"With nobody's permission but my own, Mr. Tom Toady," the manager, who was quick of speech sometimes, retorted.

Thomas looked discomposed, and his lordship laughed. Mr. M'Variety's bluntness rather amused than offended him. It could certainly never be alleged against the enterprising manager that *he* was an adulator of the great. He was fond of the society of the "tiptoppers," as he called them, made much of them, and treated them with great liberality and hospitality; but he never cringed to or bowed down before them. He had often been known to swear at a lord who got in a carpenter's way behind the scenes; but it was difficult to be offended with him: he swore so very good-humoredly and respectfully. He was quite as affable and quite as hospitable in the society of the gentleman who contracted for the train-oil to supply the lamps of Ranelagh, the inspector of police, and the tradesman who manufactured pork-pies for the refreshment-room.

Madame Ernestine went away into the next room, and poor Thomas had rather a hard time of it until her return. That unlucky observation about his lordship's permission brought on his head a number of cutting things. Mr. Greyfaunt was secretly delighted that the harmless client had been put down. Mr. M'Variety hastened, however, to smooth Thomas's ruffled pinions.

"A right good fellow is Tom," he observed; "only he will put in his oar sometimes where it isn't wanted. Never mind, Tom; if I've hurt your feelings, I'm sorry for it."

It was difficult for Mr. Tuttleshell to be angry with any human being for more than five seconds at a time; and he was assuring M'Variety of his entire belief that he would do nothing willingly to wound his feelings, when the countess entered the parlor.

She brought Lily with her. She had some womanly grace and ingenuity left, this Wild Woman, and, during the few minutes she had been absent, had disposed some ribbons and scraps of lace about the girl's dress, which made her look quite smart. She was very pale, poor little Lily; but her soft brown hair and trusting eyes were beautiful.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried the baronet, starting up. "She's not a bit changed. It's only the dear little girl we saw at Greenwich grown into a woman."

But Lily had grown paler and paler. Flashes of crimson came, transient, across the deadly whiteness of her cheek. But she trembled all over, and stretched forth her hands before her as though her sight were failing her, and she was feeling her way. At length she gave a feeble cry, staggered, and would have fallen, but that the countess caught her in her arms.

"I thought so," she muttered between her teeth.

She bore her into the bedroom, poured water on a handkerchief, damped her forehead and chafed her hands. The girl soon revived. The countess bade her lie on the bed and keep quiet, and she would soon be quite well again. "Sly little imp," she muttered again, as she passed the sitting-room. "Ah, I thought so, I thought so! Thou couldst not deceive me, little Jesuit."

She found her visitors in great perturbation at the untoward occurrence.

"It is nothing," she explained. "I told you. She is a mere child, and has hitherto lived in virtuous retirement." She said this with a grin. "She was alarmed at the sight of so many strangers, but she is already recovered, and will soon be herself again. I was just as timid at her age." And she grinned again. She was not pleasant to look upon when she grinned. She strove to engage her guests in conversation; but it manifestly flagged. She saw their eyes continually directed toward the closed door, and she hugged herself in her secret soul. She went into the bedroom once or twice, and came out saying that the patient was better, but too much frightened to confront the strangers again. And at last, with great amiability, but sufficient plainness, she told them that she had a rehearsal at the Gardens, and must beg them to excuse her until dinner.

"That's a crammer," whispered the enterprising manager to Thomas Tuttleshell; "there's not so much as a donkey rehearsing at our shop this morning." Whether his enterprise for the moment happened to be a play-house, an Italian Opera, a garden, a circus, a giant, a dwarf, a concert-room, a chapel, or a wild-beast show, Mr. M'Variety always alluded to it as a shop.

"I suppose something's gone wrong," said Tom, in a return whisper, "and she wants to get rid of us. We'd better be off, Mac."

There was clearly nothing left but for the visitors to go. The countess's face was wreathed with smiles; but there was no mistaking the gesture with which she showed them the door. She bade them adieu until dinner, which was to take place, it was arranged, at some hotel in the West End. Mr. M'Variety was to be of the party, and the manager whispered, as he passed out, that he had a proposition to make of a nature which might not be wholly displeasing to her. "Decidedly," she thought, "he means to raise my salary." Her views, however, were too ambitious just then to be satisfied with a mere two or three pounds added to her weekly stipend.

His lordship's Brougham would call for her at six o'clock. That was clearly as it should be, and another triumph. She was evidently resuming her proper station.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A practitioner being asked by his patient why he put so many ingredients into his prescriptions, is said to have answered more facetiously than philosophically, "in order that the disease may take which it likes best."

An Old Story Spoiled.—A contemporary relates a wonderful anecdote about a hen that flew at a cow in defense of her chickens, and killed the cow with one blow of her bill. This statement is not quite correct. To make the story perfectly genuine the hen should be a cock, and the cow a bull.

DRILL FOR SINGLE VOLUNTEERS.

Fall In—Love with some amiable and virtuous young woman on the first opportunity you may have.

Attention—Pay to her, assiduously and respectfully.

Right Face—Popping the question, like a man, and she'll accept you.

Quick March—To her parents, and ask their consent.

Right Turn—With her to the church, and go through the service of holy matrimony.

Halt—And reflect seriously for a few moments; then determine to devote yourself entirely to your wife.

Right about Face—From the haunts that you frequented when single, and prefer your own home.

Advance Arms—To your young wife when out walking together, and don't let her walk three or four yards behind you.

Break Off—Billiard playing, betting, and staying out at night, if you wish to have a happy home.

"I wish you wouldn't give such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer who had an outstanding bill against him. "And I wish you wouldn't give me such long wait for mine," replied the grocer.

OLD SPANISH PROVERBS.

God keeps him who takes what care he can of himself.

Smoke, raining into the house, and a talking wife, make a man run out of doors.

Thinking is very far from knowing the truth.

Leave a dog and a great talker in the middle of the street.

Take your wife's first advice, not her second.

Vain-glory is a flower which never comes to fruit.

"Do you see this stick, Sir?" said a very stupid acquaintance to Sydney Smith; "this stick has been all round the world, Sir." "Indeed," said the remorseless Sydney, "and yet it is only a stick!"

A one-legged miller is at once miller and hopper.

An elephant is a powerful animal, but the smallest dog can lick him.

In a country theatre there were only seven persons in the house one night. The pit took offense at the miserable acting of a performer, and hissed him energetically; whereupon the manager brought his company on the stage and *out-hissed* the visitors.

Many people's charities, like the brooks, are scantiest when most needed.

Better have no dumplings in the family than make them of the apples of discord.

"I have a place for every thing, and you ought to know it," said a married man, who was looking for his boot-jack after his wife was in bed. "Yes," said she, "and I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

"Isn't it strange," remarked a lady, "that the Miss Smiths are so gross?" "Not at all," was the reply; "their father was a grocer."

"Do you enjoy going to church now?" asked a lady of Mrs. Partington. "Law me, I do," replied Mrs. P. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on Sunday morning, and go to church, and hear a populous minister dispense with the Gospel."

Drive your cattle on the ice if you want cowslips in the winter.

Get too many suits brought for you by the lawyer, and you will get none brought to you by the tailor.

Not a Bad Motto.—For the "Special Safety Matches" which ignite only on the box, we suggest the inscription, "*Strike but Here.*"

Why ought dentists to be good cricketers?—Because they are adepts at "drawing the stumps."

At a dinner-party one of the guests used his knife improperly in eating. At length a wag asked aloud: "Have you heard of poor L——'s sad affair? I met him at a party yesterday, when, to our great horror, he suddenly took up the knife, and—" "Good Heavens!" interposed one of the ladies; "and did he cut his throat?" "Why, no," answered the relater, "he did not cut his throat with his knife; but we all expected he would, for he actually put it up to his mouth."

When is a steamship like a very exacting man?—When she's a screw.

Mrs. Partington makes Shakspeare say, "Sweet are the uses of advertisements."

The Question of the *Times*.—"To bee or not to bee?"

At no time of life should a man give up the thoughts of enjoying the society of women. "In youth," says Lord Bacon, "women are our mistresses, at a riper age our companions, in old age our nurses, and in all ages our friends."

Of what trade is a clergyman at a wedding?—A join-*her*.

Poor men are apt to fare badly every where. It is a blessed thing to live in a land of plenty if you have plenty of land.

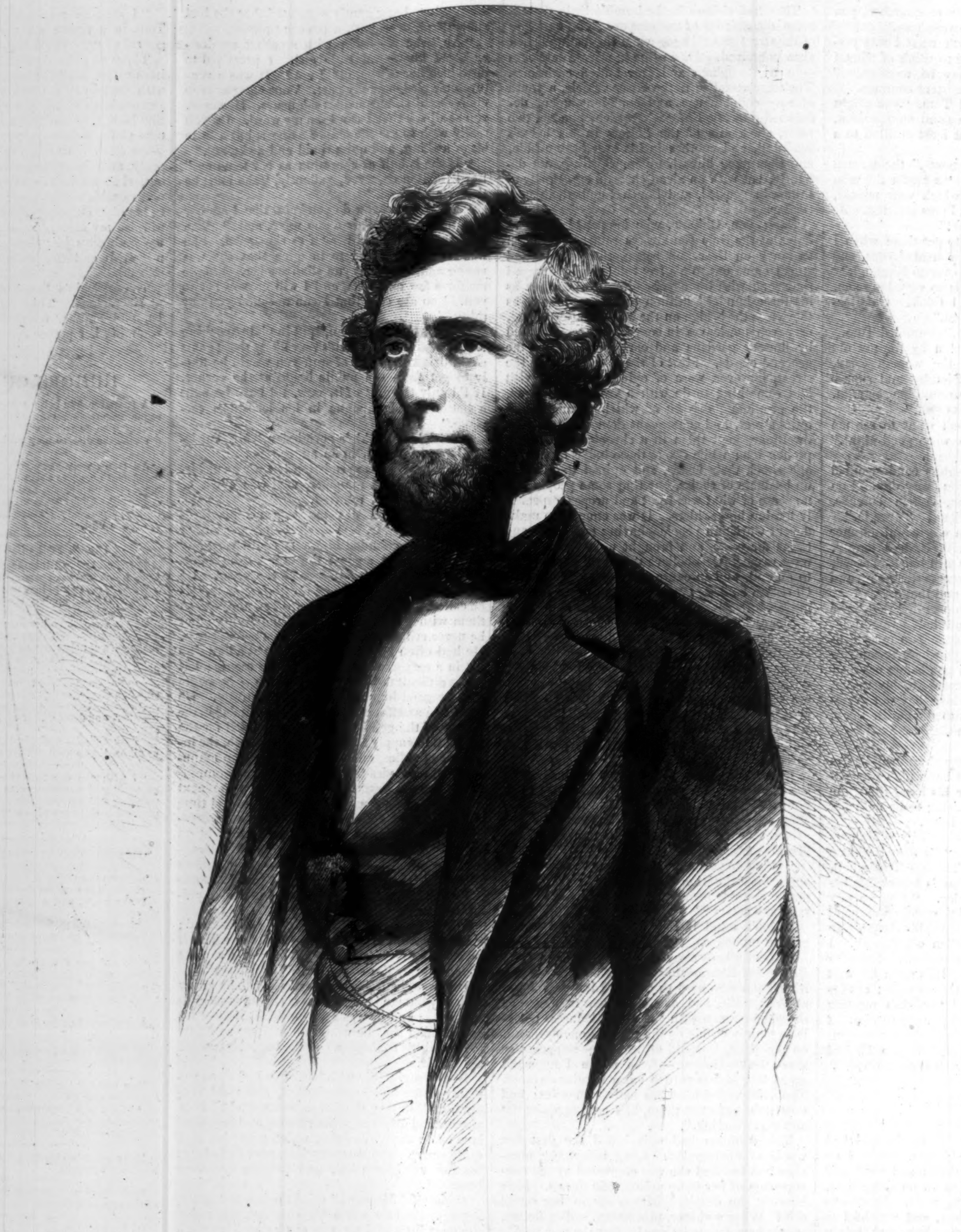
"My fare is foul," as the boatman said when he was carying some poultry to market.

REUBEN E. FENTON.

Hon. Reuben E. Fenton, the Union candidate for Governor of New York, was born in Carroll, Chautauqua County, New York, July 4, 1819. His father was one of the pioneers of Western New York, and one of the most enterprising of those who changed the wilds of the "Holland Purchase" into that beautiful and rich agricultural district west of the Genesee River. He worked upon his father's farm until fifteen years of age, attending school during the winter months in the log school-house. He attended the College-Hill Academy, near Cincinnati, Ohio, and the Fredonia Academy, New York; and subsequently read law to qualify himself for business. Before reaching his majority he engaged in mercantile pursuits; and in 1840 he began, in a small way, on the head waters of the Alleghany, the manufacture and transportation of lumber down that and the Ohio rivers. He was entirely successful, and amassed a fortune at thirty years of age. After holding several town and county offices, in 1852, although a Democrat, such was his popularity that he defeated the Whig candidate for Congress in the then 33d District (which was Whig usually by 3000 majority) by 56 majority, and was a member of the Committee on Commerce. In 1854 he was defeated in the "K. N." tornado. In 1856, he was unanimously nominated as the Republican candidate, and elected to Congress by 5000 majority. In 1858, 1860, and in 1862 he was re-elected to Congress by average majorities of over 7000 votes. In the Thirty-seventh Congress he was Chairman of the Committee on Claims, one of great labor, and requiring vigilance, discretion, and honesty. In the present Congress he is a member of the Committee of Ways and Means.

In his private as well as public life he has been uniformly successful. Kind and encouraging in manner and action, many young men owe prosperous positions to his unselfish aid. No man in Congress has been more uniformly devoted to the care and interests of the New York soldiers than Mr. Fenton. His time, his pen, his personal influence, and his liberal purse have been generously bestowed to alleviate, protect, and promote New York soldiers. He has been for a considerable time the President of the New York Soldiers' Relief Association.

Mr. Fenton is in the prime of life; he has a commanding appearance. As a public speaker he is fluent, effective, and eloquent. But his success is attributed to untiring vigilance and personal attention to all the details of business, private or public. There are few men possessed of such suavity of manners combined with so great executive talent as Mr. Fenton.



HON. REUBEN E. FENTON, THE UNION CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.—[Photographed by Brady.]

PARIS FASHIONS

FOR SEPTEMBER.

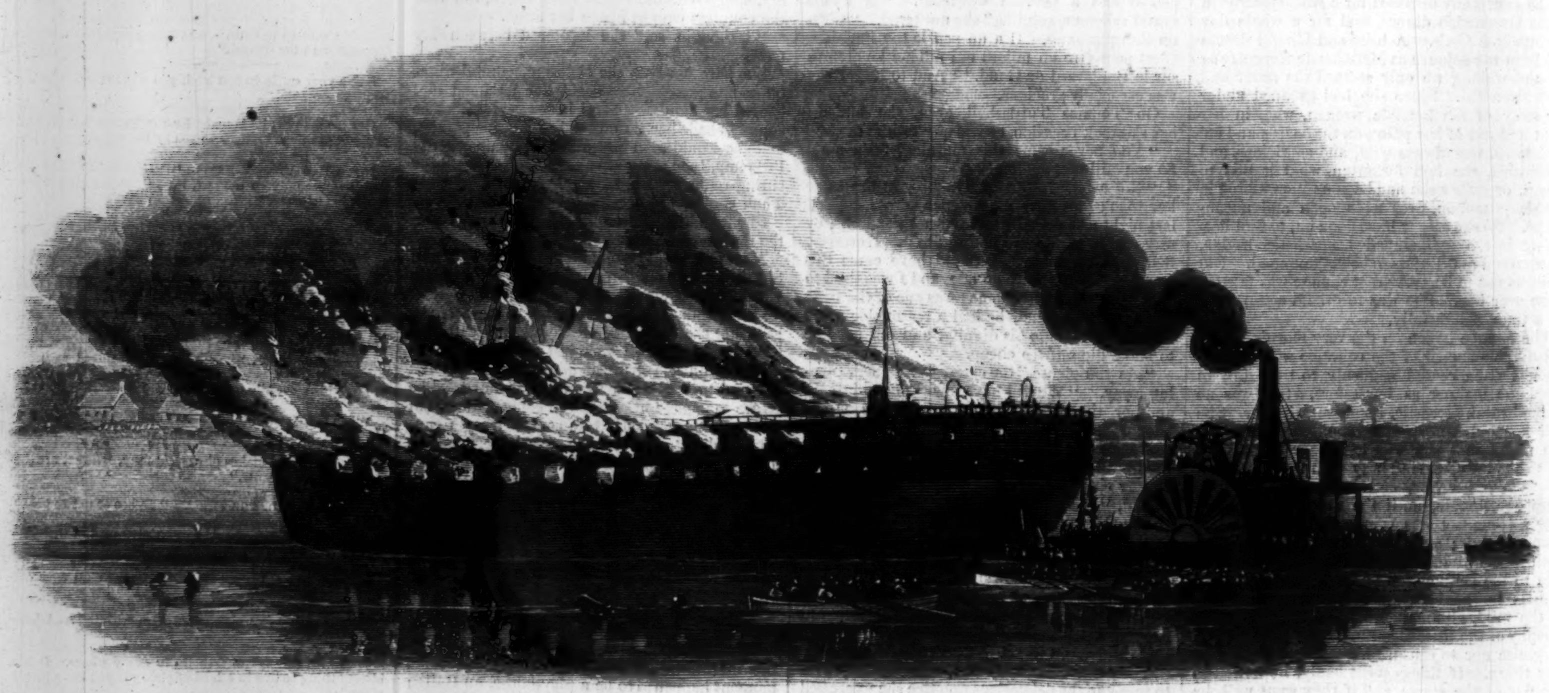
For some years past—and the present season has not differed in this respect from its modern predecessors—the edicts of the *Mode* have been issued during the summer excursion period. This is easily explained, from the circumstance that it has now become the general fashion to pass the hot months at the sea-side or at watering-places, where ladies are under very slight restraint as to the style of their costume, and can, without being subject to disagreeable remark, temporarily adopt any innovation, not to say eccentricity, which the taste of their modistes may suggest. Of all these bold innovations a few sometimes remain, and, once approved, become the mode for a certain time. Thus it was at the watering-places during the present season that the high bonnets recently worn received their *coup de ciseaux*; and the smallest of small bonnets, having obtained the official approbation of competent judges at Vichy, at Trouville, at Honfleur, and other fashionable resorts, will in all probability reign triumphant for some time to come. We have even seen some that scarcely cover the occiput, merely ornamented in front and on the scarcely perceptible back edge with drooping flowers, instead of the tour-de-tête and bavolet, which are now frequently abandoned. But it must be observed that such chapeaux, although met with in the best houses, are not yet general.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

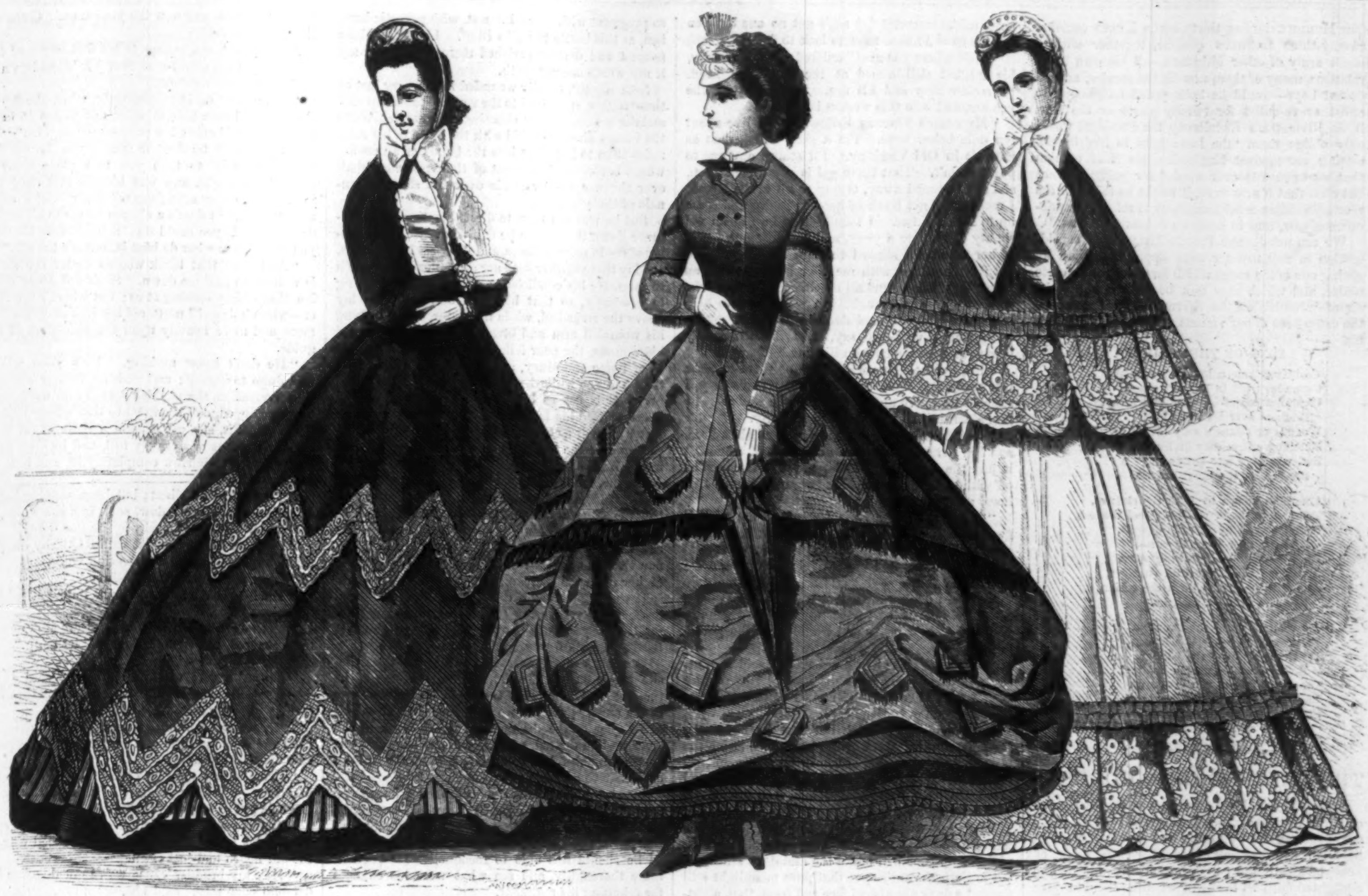
Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Green silk dress, deeply vandyked, each tooth being ornamented with rich white guipure. The casaque is adjusted to the waist, and is of the same color as the dress and similarly trimmed. White crape bonnet, small in size, and provided simply with a bouillonné of tulle in the place of the bavolet.

Fig. 2. *Sea-side Dress for a Young Lady.*—Light gray poplin robe and pardessus, all the ornaments being in black silk with long fringe. The chapeau is the chapeau Windsor, and is almost concealed by an aigrette and a large depending feather. The bottines are laced in front; the stockings are of the same color as the dress.

Fig. 3. *Carriage Dress.*—White muslin robe over sea-green silk slip. Rich lace flounce, surmounted by a ruching of green silk. The camail is of green silk, trimmed with deep lace of like quality with that on the skirt. Bonnet of white tulle, ornamented with grass, and with a rose (sometimes replaced by a butterfly) in the tour-de-tête. A large sea-green bow surmounts the back hair or catogan instead of the usual curtain.



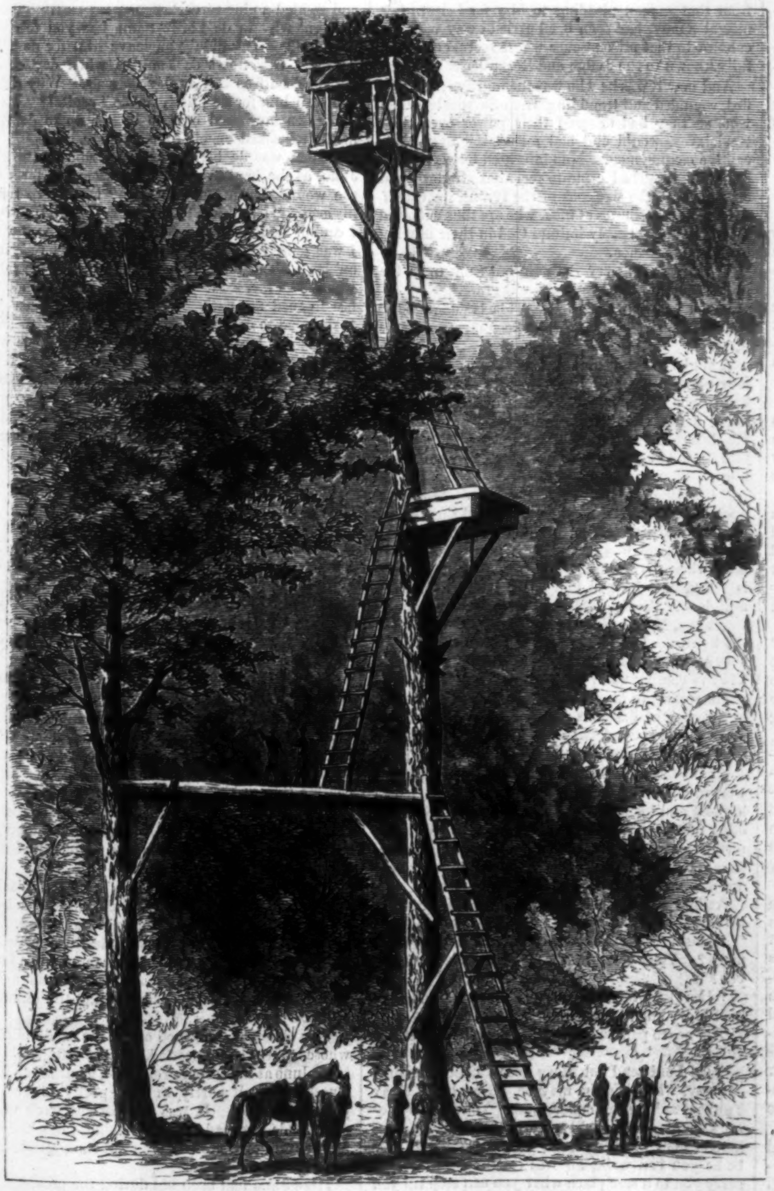
BURNING OF THE RECEIVING-SHIP "BRANDYWINE," AS SEEN FROM THE GOSPORT NAVY-YARD, VIRGINIA, September 3, 1864.—[Sketched by James S. Conant.]



PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1864.

CROW'S-NEST SIGNAL-STATION,

IN the sketch given below the reader will get a very good idea of the manner in which signal-stations are constructed. In an opening in the forest, on an elevation, some strong, lofty tree is selected. At the top of a ladder a scaffolding is placed; upon this scaffolding another ladder rests, and so on till the summit is reached. Here in the top of the tree a platform is built, affording a commodious look-out.



CROW'S-NEST SIGNAL STATION.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

THE accompanying portrait is a very exact reproduction of a daguerreotype taken by Mr. BRADY of this city, who assures us that its original was no other than Private MILES O'REILLY, formerly of the 47th Regiment New York Volunteer Infantry, but now serving as a re-enlisted veteran in some regiment belonging to the Irish brigade. Mr. BRADY says that, in spite of every remonstrance he could offer, Private MILES insisted on "bein' sot for his picture" in a coat borrowed for the occasion from some friendly field officer of his regiment—the reason he assigned for not appearing in his proper uniform being, that he wanted the picture for his sweet-heart, and therefore it must be "lookin' the purtiest he knew how."

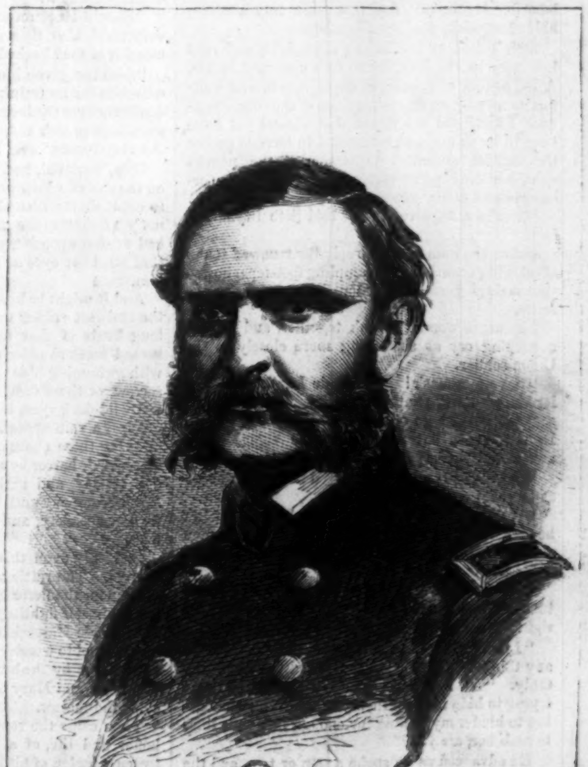
Not wishing to cast any doubt upon Mr. BRADY'S statement, we can only say that the annexed portrait does not at all tally with the elaborate personal description of Private MILES given in that veracious chronicle of passing events, the New York *Herald*. We therefore append the pen-and-ink sketch and biography of the "Bard of the 10th Army Corps," as we find it reproduced in "MILES O'REILLY, HIS BOOK"—leaving such of our readers as may be curious in this kind of controversy to decide the authenticity of the portrait for themselves.

From the *Herald's* stenographic report of the interview between his Excellency the President, the foreign diplomatic body, the members of Mr. LINCOLN'S Cabinet, and Private MILES O'REILLY, held at the White House on last Thanksgiving-day, we make the subjoined extract; and, without expressing any decided opinion ourselves, the matter is now remitted to the consideration and judgment of an enlightened public.

"Private O'REILLY is a brawny, large-boned, rather good-looking young Milesian, with curly reddish hair, gray eyes, one of which has a blemish upon it, high cheek bones, a cocked nose, square lower jaws, and the usual strong type of Irish forehead—the perceptive bumps, immediately above the eyes, being extremely prominent. A more good-humored or radiantly expressive face it is impossible to conceive. The whole countenance beams with a candor and unreserve equal to that of a mealy potato which has burst its skin or jacket by too rapid boiling. He stands about six feet three inches, is broad-chested, barrel-bodied, firm on his pins, and with sinewy, knotted fists of a hardness and heaviness seldom equaled. On the whole, he reminds one very much of Ensign O'DOHERTY'S ideal picture of the Milesian hero:

"One of his eyes was bottle-green,
And the other eye was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear!
O, the lump of an Irishman,
The nasty, ugly Irishman,
The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue,
The leathering swash of an Irishman.

"Private O'REILLY says that he was born at a place they call Ouldcastle, in Ireland; that he picked up what little of the humanities and rudiments he possesses under one Father THOMAS MAGUIRE, of Cavan—'him that was O'CONNELL'S frind, rest their sowls;' and he is emphatic in declaring that he and seventeen of his O'REILLY cousins, sixty-



PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

four **MURPHY** cousins, thirty-seven **KELLY** cousins, twenty-three **LANIGAN** cousins, together with a small army of other Milesians—all his own blood relations, many of them now in the service, and all decent boys—would be both proud and happy to enlist or re-enlist for twenty years or the war, if his Riverence's Excellency the President would only oblige them 'the laste mite in life' by declaring war against England. He is of opinion that no excuse is ever needed for going to war; but adds that if any were, it might be found in the recent Canadian-rebel conspiracy to release our prisoners of war, now in camp on Johnson's Island."

We can not dismiss Private **MILES** from consideration in any manner more appropriate than by giving one of the songs which first brought him into notice, and which may now be heard sung to the air of "Jamie's on the Stormy Sea" at many of the camp-fires of our various armies. He called it his

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS.

"COMRADES known in marches many,
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,
Brothers ever let us be!
Wounds or sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us,
But, whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of the heart are we.

"Comrades known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
Brothers ever more to be:—
And, if spared and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no thrill the colder,
Brothers ever we shall be.

"By communion of the banner—
Battle-scarred but victor banner,
By the baptism of the banner,
Brothers of one church are we!
Creed nor faction can divide us,
Race nor language can divide us,
Still, whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of the heart are we!"

THE REVENGE OF A GODDESS.

THROUGH the dewy thicket, out into the patch of silver moonlight, on to the silent wood, paced the picket-guard, humming a love-song between his teeth, and thinking of bright eyes far away, of honeyed breath and velvet lips, of a true heart and a plighted faith all his own, when he should return to claim them.

"Like enough this very minute she's looking at the moon shining down so bright, and thinking about—"

Seth Bryant never finished the sentence thus begun, for the same air-wave that brought his own words to his ears brought also a very different sound, and the sentimental murmur of the lover changed to the sentinel's stern demand of

"Who goes there?"

As private Bryant's musket-barrel dropped into his broad left palm, and his quick eyes fixed themselves eagerly upon a certain point in the thicket, where the crashing of branches and the sobbing sound of a labored breath denoted that some creature, driven almost to the death, was struggling forward toward the little moonlit glade.

"Who goes there?" reiterated the picket-guard. "Speak, or I shall fire!"

The last stubborn branches gave way suddenly, and the dusky figure of a negro woman broke through, and staggering a step or two farther, fell prostrate at Seth Bryant's feet, and clung about his knees.

"What is it? Who are you?" exclaimed he, trying to withdraw from that convulsive clasp.

The woman struggled for speech, but from her laboring breast and dry lips came only a moan, half of anguish, half of exhaustion.

Seth looked at her in the moonlight, and read her story in the dark, dumb face upturned to his. A life of toil, of misery, of hopelessness, had written its monogram upon every one of the coarse features, had bowed the figure that should yet have been in its prime, and intensified to terrible pathos the natural mournful expression of the negro's eyes, her only point of beauty. She was apparently about thirty years of age.

"You're a fugitive slave," said Seth Bryant, at last.

Before the woman could reply the renewed sound of crashing branches and trampling footsteps showed that a third person was about to appear upon the scene.

The negro woman shrank together, and uttered a gasping cry as she clung more closely to the Union soldier.

"Save me, mas'r! Oh, for de Lord's sake, don' let him git me!" panted she.

"Let go—let go of me this minute!" returned Bryant, somewhat roughly, as he tore himself away from the desperate arms clinging about him.

"Who goes there?" challenged he again, as soon as he could command his piece.

"A friend! A good Union man! You needn't be scared of me," returned a rough voice, as a man parted the branches and emerged into the moonlit glade.

"Halt, friend, and give the countersign!" returned the sentinel, covering the friend's gleaming right eye with the "sight" of his piece.

"I don't know the countersign, nor I don't want any thing to do with you," retorted the man, irritably. "All I'm after is that wench of mine that's trying to hide away in them bushes. You ain't going to hinder my coming fur enough into your lines to grab her, are you?"

He advanced as he spoke a step or two, and the woman, abandoning the futile effort at concealment, rushed once more to the feet of the sentinel, and clung there, moaning,

"O mas'r! oh, for de Lord's sake don' let him git me! O mas'r, tink it 'twor you own mudder or sister! Oh, good Lord, help me dis time! Turn your bressed face dis way just a minit, an' help a pore, mis'able creter dat ain't got no one but you and dis good Yankee sojer to look to."

"Halt where you are!" ordered Bryant, sternly, his musket still aimed at the intruder's head. "Another step and I'll fire. Now, tell me who you are, and who this woman is?"

"My name's Thomas Bellows, and I live about ten mile below here. I'm a good Union man as there is in Old Virginny. I'll stump any one to prove I ain't. That there gal is my wench Juno, and she's runned away, trying to git to the North, I reckon. I got track of her last night, and come up to look for her. I found her hid up in an old shanty down here a piece, and had just got a grip of her when she slipped through my fingers, and put for the woods with me after her. I come up with her just here, and all by chance, I expect, she sighted you, and thought you was going to help her. But your Kunnel don't believe in running off niggers, I've heard say, especially when they belong to good Union men like me."

"No, Colonel Sawyer don't want them to come into camp, and if you're a Union man as you say, I suppose he'd give up the slave if you was to go to him about it," said Bryant, thoughtfully.

"Of course he would, and as long as she's here, and I'm here, and camp's a good way off, why ain't it just the same thing to let me grab her, and be off without any more to do?" argued Thomas Bellows, persuasively.

"Well, I suppose it is," assented the picket-guard, uneasily, as he glanced down at the face of agony silently upraised to his.

"I don't know as I've any right to let you come within the lines though," added he, hesitatingly.

"Why, I don't want to stop a minute, nor go out of your sight. All I want is my own, and you say yourself that your Kunnel would give the gal to me."

"Very well, take her, and begone," said Bryant, sharply, as he once more disengaged those withy arms from their hold, and moved quickly away to the other end of the glade.

Not so quickly though but that he heard the savage oath—heard the brutal kick, with which the planter took possession of his slave; not so quickly but that his ears were pierced and his heart stabbed through with a long, low woman-wail full of despairing anguish.

When he turned round he was alone. Only the white moonlight filled the little glade, only the song of the whip-poor-will broke the midnight stillness; but to Seth Bryant's eyes that pure moonlight still showed a dark anguished face and form, that night-bird's mournful voice repeated always that passionate cry, "O Lord, Lord, have you clean forgot me?"

"And what would Mary think after all she said about just this?" asked the young man's heart, as he paced on mechanically; and then his thoughts went back to the night, three months ago, when he had bid his betrothed good-by, and heard her last prayers and charges for his welfare and well-doing. The old question, the old sorrow had come up between them even then; for Mary Gifford had been bred an ardent friend of emancipation, of liberty in its widest sense, for every human being in her native land.

Seth Bryant came of another stock and another creed; and while enlisting himself a soldier of the Union against the rebellion, he had spared no pains to convince his betrothed, himself, and every one to whom he spoke, that he in nowise pledged himself to fight against the very root and corner-stone of that rebellion.

But at least he would never, could never, take part in the cruel treachery of returning a fugitive slave, who, not learned in these nice distinctions between cause and effect, should have fled to him for safety. Thus pleaded the woman he loved, her hand in his, her eyes resting upon his, with a look of anxious doubt.

"Should I not return his horse, his ox, nay, his very child, if it thus escaped, and he came to demand it of me?" asked Seth, sturdily.

"God has given him the child, and will reckon with him for its training. God, too, has given men dominion over the beasts of the field; but God never gave man to man to hold as something lower than the very beasts," said Mary, earnestly.

Seth, however, had no mind for such discussion on the eve of a long parting from his betrothed, and so cut it short with a kiss and a whisper; but he had not yet forgotten the sadness which in that moment had settled upon Mary's gentle face, nor the tears that filled her eyes as she fixed them silently upon him.

And it might be hard to say which ghost haunted the stalwart soldier most persistently through the long hours of that moonlit night, or whether he turned most shudderingly from that delicate face with swimming blue eyes, eloquent in their loving sorrow, or those coarser, darker, stronger features, and wild dark eyes, raised to his in the terrible anguish of a vain appeal. Nor had daylight the power to lay these phantoms, but rather seemed to increase their horror by adding to their vagueness, and day by day, and night by night, they kept Seth Bryant company until he hardly had time or thought for other society, and became a lonely and moody man.

Suddenly upon this dreary dream came a sharp change. The rattle of musketry, the heavy boom of cannon, the fierce cry of onset, and Seth Bryant found himself fighting madly in the foremost ranks of his noble Massachusetts regiment, and for a moment forgot to wonder what was done to that woman called Juno by the brute who carried her away, and what God and Mary Gifford would say to his agency in the matter.

Then came the repulse, the terrible struggle for honor and life, of a handful of men, crushed between a legion of pitiless enemies and the precipice with a river at its base.

Of all the bloody battle-fields where this cruel war has left its footsteps, of all the God's Acres consecrated by the heart's-blood of hero-martyrs, of all the terrible blunders where hundreds of true, brave men have been offered up in vain expiation of one man's folly or treachery, there is to my mind none so pregnant with bitter interest, with pathetic heroism, as this battle of Ball's Bluff. Let those whose nearest and dearest perished there for naught say if my words are not sooth.

Seth Bryant, cruelly wounded in the very last of the struggle, staggered to the verge of the steep cliff and threw himself over, choosing rather to lie beneath the waters already turbid with the blood of his comrades than to fall alive into the hands of an enemy whose barbarous treatment of their prisoners shall ever throw a darker shade over the shameful annals of their treason.

But he was not then to die. Floating some distance down the stream he drifted at last into a tangle of reeds, osier-willows, and thick-set river plants, and lay there neither dead nor alive, nor caring much to intensify his condition to either state. Drifting in presently, so that his head and shoulders lay above the river-bed, while the water, softly lapping his wounded arm and breast, soothed the fever of his wounds, the poor fellow fell asleep, and dreamed of home and Mary, and the old mill-dam where they had sat while he told her how well he loved her. But just as Mary's head drooped low and lower toward his breast a dark hand rose from the water at their feet, and thrusting Mary aside touched him over the heart, and the touch was of molten iron. With a gurgling cry Seth awoke. The hand was gone, and so was the dark phantom-face that had just begun to shape itself beneath the water; but the sting remained, the cruel, burning thrill that seemed scorching the very blood within his heart. It was the wound, left exposed to the air, now that the rapid current had washed its plaything higher upon the shore, almost out of its own reach.

It was night now, a dark, breathless night, and Seth, slowly recovering his recollection, drew himself carefully out of the water, and rising to his feet tried to ascertain where he might be.

It was no easy task. Far away upon the opposite shore burned fires and lights that might be those of the Union camp, but might as well be those of the enemy; for the wounded man had no means of judging in the darkness to which bank of the river he had drifted, and his wounds were fast becoming so painful as to deprive him of the full use of his native coolness and acumen.

Leaving the river-side he climbed a long steep bank, and then crossing a highway and traversing some fields, plunged into a wood of considerable extent, with a vague intention of remaining there until he should feel able to reconnoitre his position more thoroughly, and see what were his chances for rejoining his regiment.

Creeping cautiously along—for he foreboded that he was on the enemy's ground—the fugitive presently found himself in an open space among the trees, and as he traced its boundaries by the dim starlight the old terror, the familiar phantoms suddenly rose up and claimed him as their own. The place was so like that one upon the opposite shore where a few weeks before he had turned coldly from that woman pleading to him for help in her mortal agony, had seen her hurried away with his consent to that prison-house whose secrets are only fully known to the Judge and Rewarder of all men.

And now it was he who was the fugitive; he who fled, wounded and trembling, from the ruthless men who, as they had misused their power over their bondslaves, would and had misused it over their captive countrymen. Men imbruted by slaveholding until they had come to feel that strength and dominion are the weapons of the tyrant, instead of the Godlike attributes of men, who are thus endowed that they may humbly imitate God in their bearing to their fellow-men.

With a wailing cry Seth Bryant sank upon the ground and hid his face in the wet grass.

"God has found me out. This is judgment!" said he, aloud. "I wish that poor creature knew it."

A slight sound at his side startled him—a step, a movement as of some one stooping close over him, a hand upon his shoulder. He turned hastily, and found a face bent within a few inches of his own. He thought in his feverish remorse it was the phantom, in a more visible shape, come to exult over him.

"It is Juno," murmured he—"Juno. She was a queen, wasn't she?—no, a goddess, and they killed her; burned her to death, and then whipped her till the ground was as red with her blood as that place where the Captain lay to-day. Juno! Where is Mary, Juno? Did you pull her down into the mill-dam? You're glad enough to see me here now, [illegible] you, Mary? No, it was Juno that I gave up to the hunter. Hunters of men they call them, don't they? I wonder if they're hunting me? Hark! They're coming now! I hear them!"

He sprang to his feet, and stood glaring around in a frenzy of delirious rage and terror. Then his fevered brain reeled, the dark wood and the dim sky blended wildly, and he fell heavily to the earth.

At the first words he had spoken the dark, silent woman whom he addressed as Juno had started to her feet and turned as if to fly; but curiosity or another motive detained her to listen to his wild mutterings; and now, as he lay silent and motionless, she slowly approa[illegible]d beside him, looking down in an uncertain, doubtful sort of fashion.

At last she touched him again, gently grasping his arm.

"Mas'r, Mas'r Yankee, can't you listen jus' a minit? You's hurt in the fight I expects, wasn' you?"

"Hurt! Did they hurt you, Juno? Did they hurt Mary any?" asked Seth, dreamily.

The negro paused before she answered in a stifled voice,

"De Lord send dat Mary needn' nebber be hurt dat way, whoebber she may be. Now hark, Mas'r Yankee, an' try fer onderstand. You's in de enemy's country, and you'll be cotched sure if you stops here or goes wanderin' roun' by youse'f. But if so be as you can walk, an' will come 'long o' me, I'll carry you to a safe place whar you can stop till you gets well ob dis wound."

"Come with you? Oh, you're going to give me up to the tormentors. Well, when it was my turn I did so by you, and now it's your turn. Come on then, it's all fair."

And Bryant, staggering to his feet, suffered the negro to put his sound arm over her shoulders and lead him gently forward.

"No, mas'r," said she, presently, when she found the wounded man able to walk, and began to hope that she should effect her purpose—"no, I isn' goin' to gib you to de tormentors same's you did me dat time. I's goin' to take you to a place whar I stopped las' night, and was hid up real snug an' safe. I got away agin from my mas'r 'bout a week ago, an' to-night dere's a chance fer me to git acrost de ribber. If you could stan' it to git dere I'd take you to de place whar de boat is, but it's too fur."

"And then that black woman under the water is waiting to pull me down. She's got Mary now. No, that's Mary looking at us; but where's the other—where's Juno?" muttered the sick man, leaning more and more heavily upon the shoulders of his guide.

"He don't know nothing. He's gone wild," said Juno to herself; and with no farther attempt at conversation, she plodded steadily on until, near the opposite edge of the wood to that where Bryant had entered it, she came upon a little cabin built close to the face of a craggy hill, and looking as if it was trying to burrow completely in, and hide itself from sight.

All was dark and silent; but Juno, tapping lightly on the one little window, said, in a low voice,

"Quashy—Uncle Quashy! Be you dere?"

"Bress de Lord, who dat callin' Quashy dis yer time ob night?" asked a quavering voice.

"Only me, Uncle Quash—Juno."

"You! What's fotcht ye back, gal?" asked the querulous voice, doubtfully.

"Open de door, Uncle Quash. Dere ain't no call to be skeered, but open de door, an' let us in."

"Us! What's us, gal?"

"Me an' a pore wounded brudder," said Juno, drawing still closer about her neck the arm that was heavily slipping away.

The door now cautiously opened, and the grizzled head and stooping form of a very old negro appeared upon the threshold.

"Come in den, gal," said he, peering out into the darkness. "Whar's yer brudder? I nebber heern as you'd got one in dese parts."

Without reply Juno led her charge into the cabin, and let him sink gently upon the bed whence the old negro had just risen.

"He's my brudder 'cause we've got de same Fader—no oder way," said she, solemnly. "He's a Yankee sojer, Quashy; de berry one dat I saw when—when mas'r cotcht me."

"What! de feller as gib you up when you was clingin' hold ob him knees, an' beggin' him fer sabe you? Dat one you tol' me 'bout las' night?" asked Quashy, in great astonishment.

"Yes, Quash, dat berry one," said Juno, briefly, as she pulled the coarse curtain across the window and lighted a pine torch.

"An' why in de Lord's name has you fotched um here? Why didn' you leave him for de 'federates? Dey treats de Yankees when dey cotch um mos' half as bad as dey does us. Why didn' you leab him for de prison an' de hospital? He'd know den how good it is to be gib up to de tormentors," asked the old man, bitterly.

"Dem was de berry words he said," returned Juno, as she bent over the now insensible form of the wounded man, and cut away the sleeve from his arm. "De tormentors, says he. But, Quashy, I couldn' do it. Fust, when I foun' out who it wor, I was goin' fer jus' leab him where he were lyin', an' keep along to de ribber, but somehow de Lord wouldn' let me. I kep' a thinkin' 'bout what mist's use to read me out'n de Bible—how we wasn' jes to do good to dem dat was good to us, but to dem dat was real hard an' cruel wid us, an' how we was to do to ebery one jes de way we wanted they'd do to us. Den yer words come right into my heart same's if some one had said 'em, an' I spec it was de Lord hisself. Any ways I couldn' go contrairy to 'em, so I jes help dis pore feller de berry same way I'd ha' liked to hab him help me dat time dat he didn't."

"But, gal, you's los' yer chance ob crossin' de ribber. Nick 'll tink somefin's got ye, an' he'll be gone 'fur dis."

"Spec he will," returned Juno, absently. "But I didn' fotch dis man here fer you to nuss, Uncle Quash. I's goin' to stay an' do fer him till he gits a chance to go fin' dat Mary he's alluz talkin' 'bout. He's got ter be hid in de spar' room, Quashy."

"Well, gal, ef de Lord's put so much inter yer heart, 'twon't do fer ignerant ole nigger ter stan' in de light. Go 'head jus' as you sees yer way, on'y be keerful, do be keerful, honey."

Thus Quashy, mingling in his simple mind and uncouth speech a superstitious obedience to what he understood as the direct guidance of Providence, with an attempt to guide and control by human caution the working of Infinite Power.

"Well, he's got to be toted into de spare room," said Juno, looking a little anxiously at the young soldier's stalwart form, lying so helplessly before her.

"Lucky dere ain't no fire dere," returned Quashy, and he proceeded to pull out of the chimney a heap of brush piled there in readiness to be lighted.

Behind this, a large slab of slate-stone made the back of the fire-place, but Quashy, removing a brick or two that held it in place, easily slipped this aside, leaving visible a dark chasm behind the chimney of indefinite extent.

This chamber, hollowed out of the sandy cliff, at whose foot the cabin nestled, was the refuge alluded to by Juno as the "spare room"—a name given it by Quashy himself partly in jest, partly to avoid a plainer allusion. It was the patient work of his own hands, and had served as hiding-place through a long term of years to more than one fugitive from bondage and oppression.

Here Juno had been hid during the previous day and night, and it was Quashy who had arranged with the free negro called Nick, who was to have rowed her across the river on her way to the North.

Private Bryant was now utterly insensible, and it was only by a prodigious effort that the feeble old man, with Juno's help, lifted him from the bed and carried him to the fire-place, where they laid him flat upon his back, and Juno having entered the hiding-place first, received the head and shoulders and dragged, while Quashy pushed, until the six feet of senseless clay known as Seth Bryant lay at last upon a rude bed of straw and leaves, across the end of the spare room.

The torch now placed in the chimney-corner threw a broad glare into the place, and showed, in strong Rembrandtish lights and shadows, the little crypt scarcely more than six feet in diameter, its walls and roof lined with pine saplings, and its few rude pieces of furniture. It showed, too, the straight soldierly form, and the death-white face of the wounded man, contrasting so vividly with the black skin and uncouth shape of his strange nurses as they stripped away the covering from his chest and arm, the better to examine his wounds. Upon the heart lay a picture, the photographed likeness of a young girl. Both negroes glanced at it, and Juno laying it carefully aside, said:

"Dat's Mary. De pore boy!"

"Don' see how he foun' it in he heart wid dat ere picter a layin' right on it, ter sen' back anodder woman to wuss nor def," muttered Quashy, bitterly.

"'Pears like he forgot dat time dat we was both women," said Juno, simply.

"Hark, gal! What dat? Hosses' feet, shore as I'm on ole sinner, an' stoppin' here."

"Go out! Hurry, hurry, Quashy! Get the stone and brush back 'fore dey come in, or we're all gone togedder!"

Vehemently whispering these directions, Juno pushed the old man out of the cavern, and tugged with all her might at the slab that should cover the entrance. But in vain, it had become jammed in some way, and would not stir, not even when Quashy upon the other side applied all his strength and experience to the effort. And already a heavy blow upon the door showed that the intruders were determined to enter.

"Pile up de brush in front, an' take away de torch. Hurry, for de Lord's sake, ole man, an' holler out you's a comin'."

"Comin', mas'r, comin' soon's I get de ole trowsers on," piped the shrill voice of the old man upon the instant, and with nervous hands he heaped back the brush high above the opening, and swept into the fire-place the bits scattered over the floor. This done, he took the torch in his hand, and hurriedly opened the door. Two officers on horseback, followed by a couple of orderlies, all in the rebel uniform, waited outside.

"Well, old stupid, why couldn't you open sooner? What are you about with a light at this time of night?" asked the elder of the officers, dismounting as he spoke, and coming into the cabin. One sharp glance around showed him, as he thought, the whole interior of the bare four walls, and his eyes returned to the stolid face of the old negro, who stood staring at him in well-feigned stupidity.

"What makes you up at this time of night, I say, boy?" reiterated the officer, sharply.

"'Cause you knock, mas'r."

"But you had a light, you old fool, and that was what made us stop. It's near midnight, did you know it?"

"Laws no, mas'r. I doesn' know noffin," mumbled Quashy. "I kep' a piny knot burnin' fer company like, mas'r. Dere's ben sich an awful scrimmage ober dere all day. I 'specs the Yankees has done come now fer sartain. Pore ole nig couldn' sleep no way. Was 'fraid you was de Yankees, mas'r, when you knock."

"No, we ain't the Yankees, boy, but we'd like to get hold of some of those that are skulking in this wood. If any come here, uncle, and ask for help, let them in, and hide them up safe, while you toddle over to Leesburg and give information. You'll get paid well; and here's a dollar to put you in mind of what I say."

"Come, Bellows," called the officer outside, who had not yet spoken. "Don't waste any more time over that old idiot. He don't know enough to do us either good or harm. Come on."

"Very well. Remember, uncle, what I have told you."

"Sartain, mas'r. I'll 'member. 'Night, mas'r."

"Good-night, boy."

And Captain Thomas Bellows, after one more sharp glance about the place, withdrew, little guessing how near he had been to a double revenge, little guessing that a barrier so frail as almost to be none, alone separated him from that defenseless foeman, and that trembling woman, who, at the first tones of his voice, had fallen to the ground, and lay there as helpless in her terror as the hare who sees the hound darting upon her.

When Quashy, after listening for the last audible hoof-beat of the retreating horses, drew near the fire-place and whispered her name, it was only by a terrible effort that Juno was able to answer him; only in the lowest of murmurs that she dared to reply to his question whether she needed more help with a negative, and then Quashy, exhausted by his unwonted vigils, extinguished his torch, and crept back to bed, leaving Juno to watch and pray the long night through.

Three long weeks did that devoted woman voluntarily imprison herself in that gloomy crypt, patiently nursing and attending the man who, when she had sued at his feet for more than life, had coldly refused and repulsed her.

When Seth recovered his consciousness, and learned the manner of his escape from death and the identity of his rescuer and protector, he said little, but thought very much, and felt still more; and if ever a man was in this life "born again" that man was Seth Bryant, when he once more stood erect beneath God's heaven a man able to defend himself and her who had cared for him in his extremity; for to no scheme of escape would he now listen that did not include Juno with himself.

At last the opportunity came, and after bidding good-by to old Quashy with the promise of future reward—a promise faithfully and amply redeemed—Bryant once more threaded the forest paths beneath the blackness of night with Juno for a guide.

They reached the river bank; they found the little skiff and faithful boatman awaiting them; they crossed the river whose waters had run red but three short weeks before with patriot blood; they reached in safety the opposite shore, and stepping upon soil guarded by the banner of the republic Seth Bryant felt himself once more a freeman and a soldier—felt that at last he might begin his life-long repayment and atonement to the humble, silent friend who stood beside him so unconscious of the debt.

A short furlough was easily obtained for one so sorely wounded as private Bryant showed that he had been, and a few days later saw him traveling North with Juno by his side where it was permitted, with him by hers where a vulgar prejudice forbade her to associate with her whiter-skinned brothers and sisters.

So they arrived in Massachusetts; so they came to Mary Gifford's home; and to her care and guardianship was Juno confided before even the son sought his mother's presence or his father's home.

"It is to you that I bring the first-fruits of my repentance, Mary, for it is against your teachings that I sinned," said the lover; and Mary cared not to hide from "mild-eyed Juno's" gaze the close, kind kiss and fond embrace that repaid the offering.

And now, while Captain Bryant leads his gallant company against the doomed city whose downfall our bravest leader has decreed and will accomplish, his wife Mary waits patiently for the end, and her handmaid Juno adds her prayers to those of her mistress for the master's safe return.

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